

THE HUMAN TORCH  
CAPTAIN AMERICA  
THE SUB MARINER

WINTER  
ISSUE NO. 7

# ALL WINNERS





# ALL WINNERS

Number  
7

Stan Lee,  
Editor



**TIMELY  
COMICS**

**THE HUMAN TORCH**

**CAPTAIN AMERICA**

**SUBMARINER**

**THE DESTROYER**

**THE WHIZZER**



**AMERICA'S SMASH SUCCESSES!**  
*First* **KRAZY KOMICS** — *Now* **TERRYTOONS**

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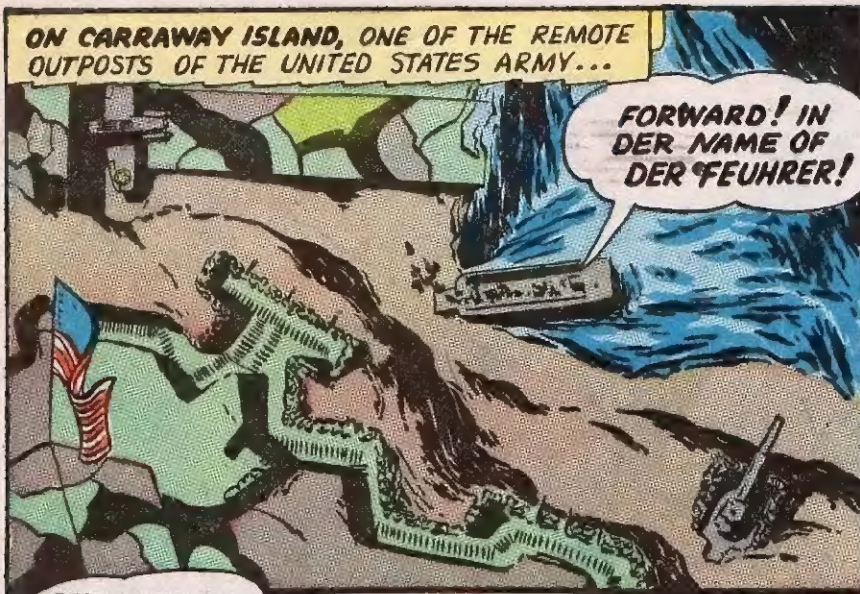
FROM OUT OF NOWHERE,  
THE CHILL FINGERS OF DOOM  
REACHED OUT TOWARDS  
AMERICAN SOLDIERS--UNTIL  
THE HUMAN TORCH TAUGHT  
THE NAZIS NOT TO SERVE

**"DEATH  
FOR BREAKFAST"**





ON CARRAWAY ISLAND, ONE OF THE REMOTE OUTPOSTS OF THE UNITED STATES ARMY...



FORWARD! IN  
DER NAME OF  
DER FEUHRER!

DER GESTAPO SAYS VE VILL  
HAVE NO TROUBLE IN  
TAKING DER ISLAND.



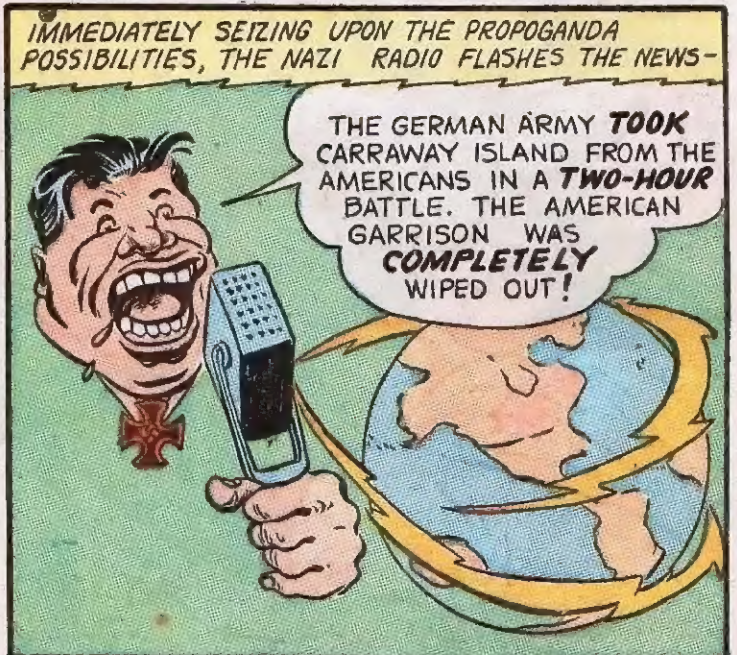
DER GESTAPO  
WASS  
RIGHT

JA - ALL DER  
AMERICAN SOLDIERS  
ARE DEAD.



SUCH AN  
EASY BATTLE-  
HA-HA!

IMMEDIATELY SEIZING UPON THE PROPOGANDA  
POSSIBILITIES, THE NAZI RADIO FLASHES THE NEWS-



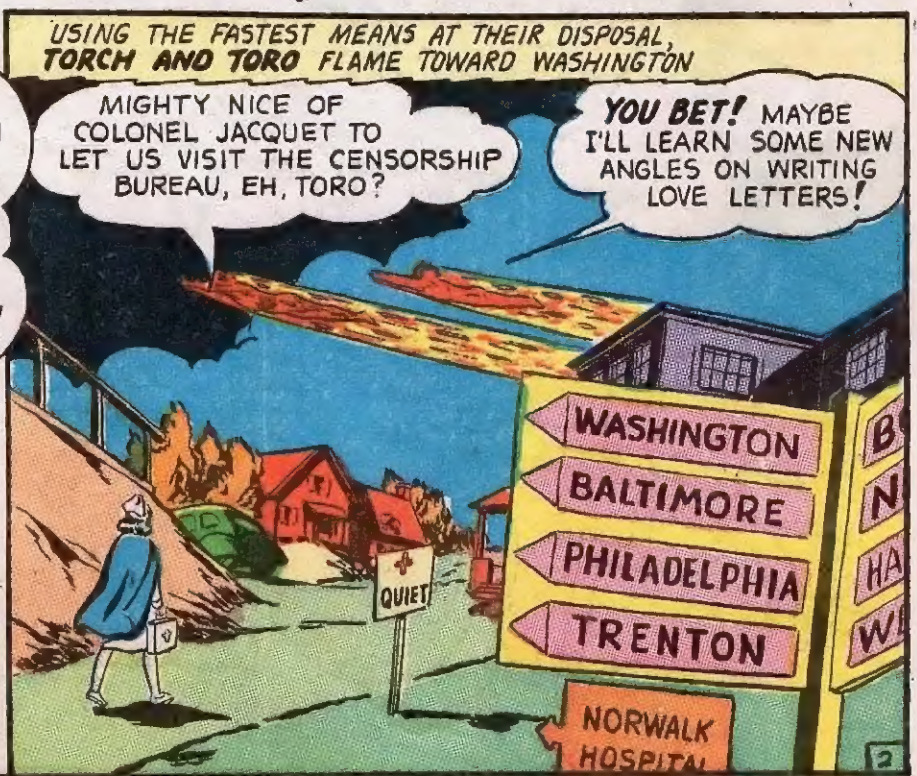
THE GERMAN ARMY **TOOK**  
CARRAWAY ISLAND FROM THE  
AMERICANS IN A **TWO-HOUR**  
BATTLE. THE AMERICAN  
GARRISON WAS  
**COMPLETELY**  
WIPED OUT!

- AND TORCH AND TORO SOON.  
HEAR ABOUT IT.



THERE MUST HAVE BEEN  
SOMETHING WRONG WITH  
THE TROOPS - COULD  
THEY HAVE BEEN **SICK?**  
AMERICAN TROOPS  
WOULD HAVE PUT UP A  
BETTER FIGHT THAN  
THAT! WE'RE GOING  
TO WASHINGTON NOW!

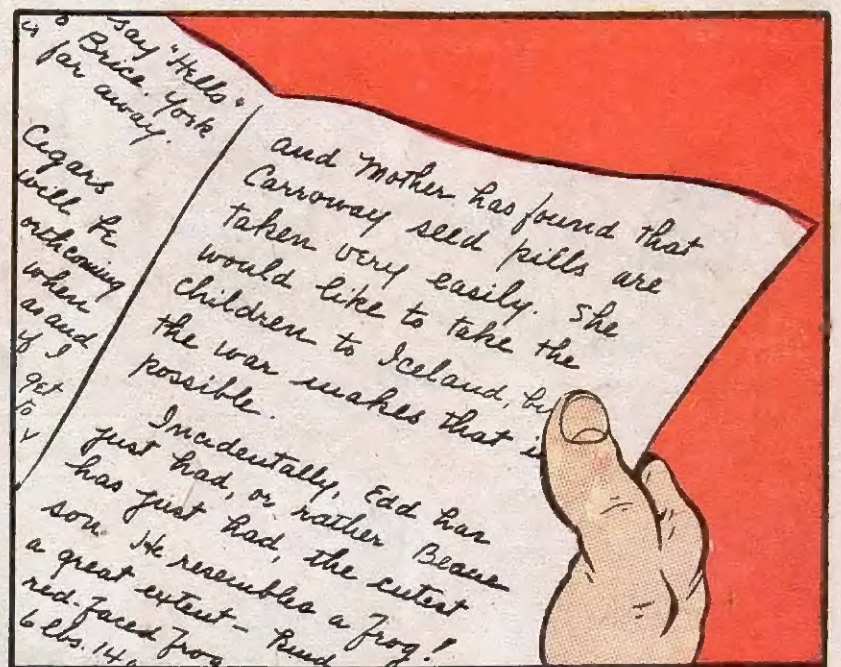
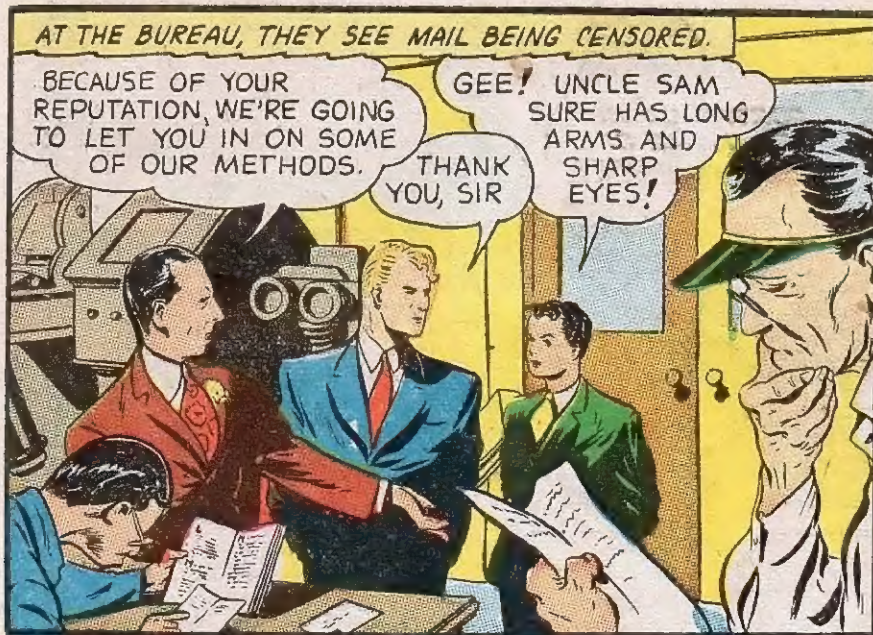
USING THE FASTEST MEANS AT THEIR DISPOSAL,  
**TORCH AND TORO** FLAME TOWARD WASHINGTON



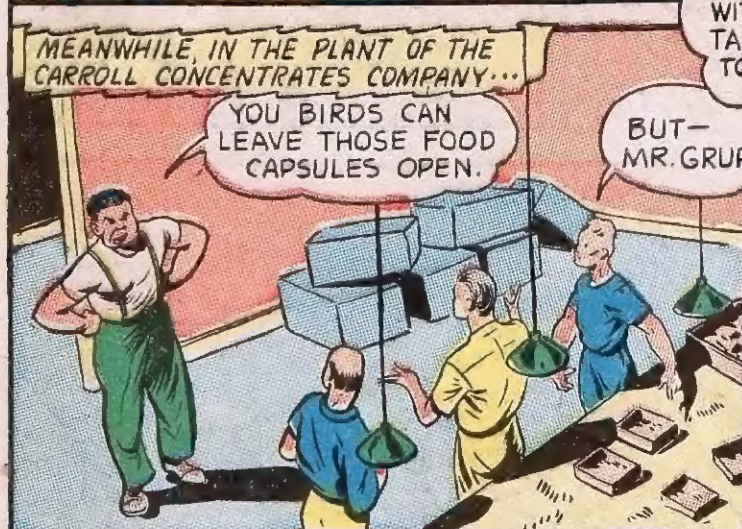
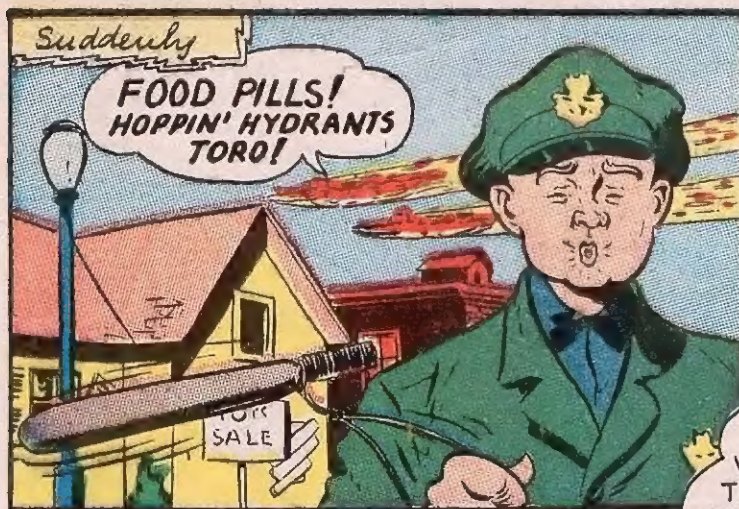
MIGHTY NICE OF  
COLONEL JACQUET TO  
LET US VISIT THE CENSORSHIP  
BUREAU, EH, TORO?

**YOU BET!** MAYBE  
I'LL LEARN SOME NEW  
ANGLES ON WRITING  
LOVE LETTERS!

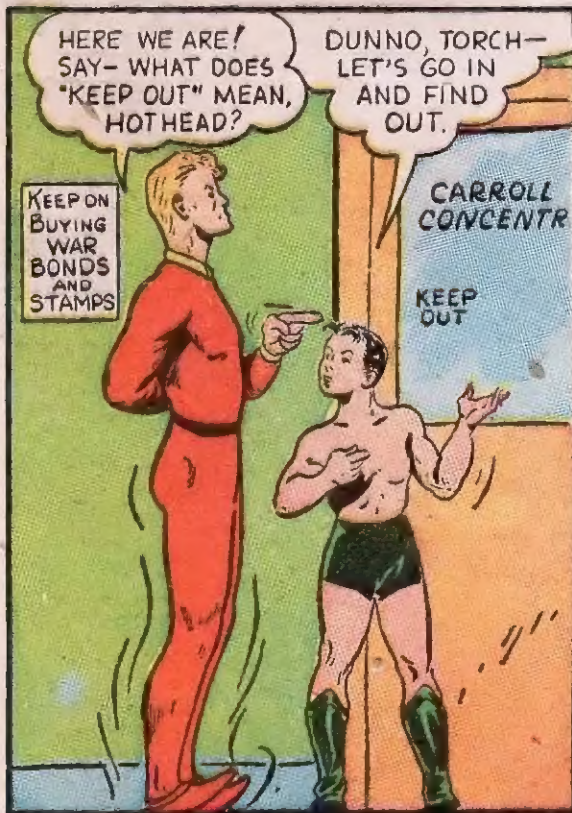
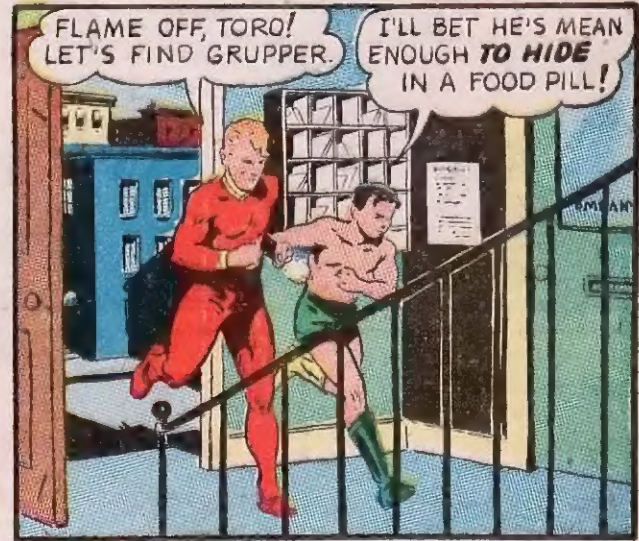


















THE SONS OF FIRE SWIFTLY BRING THE NAZIS TO THEIR KNEES.

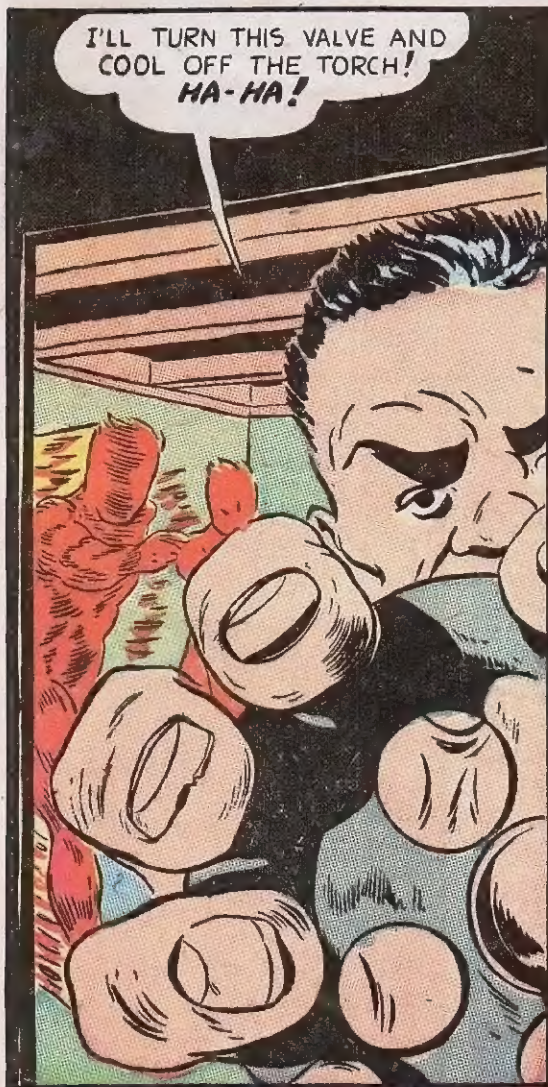
LOOK, TORO! GRUPPER'S TRYING TO GET AWAY!

ENOUGH!

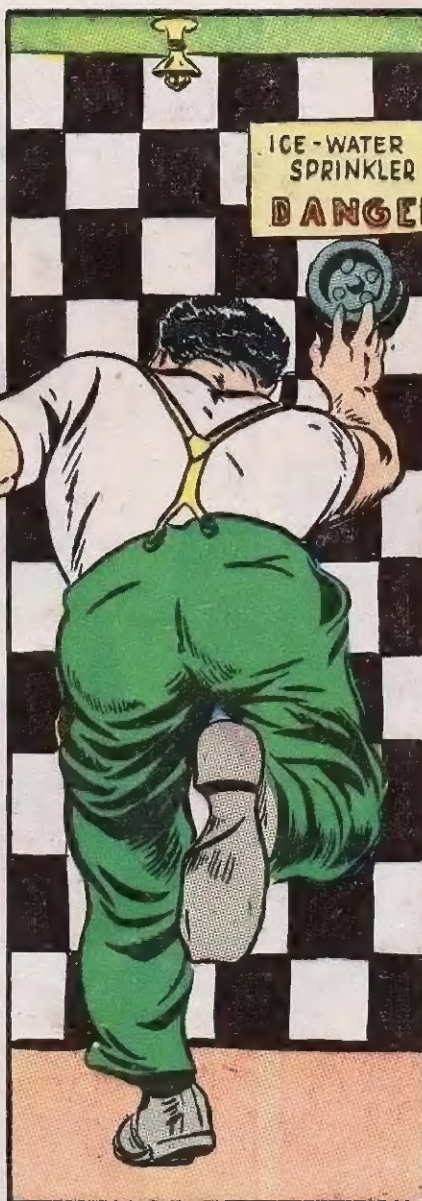
HOPE TORCH FOLLOWS!



I'LL TURN THIS VALVE AND COOL OFF THE TORCH!  
HA-HA!



ICE-WATER SPRINKLER  
**DANGER!**



SUDDENLY

A SHOWER!  
BR-R-R!

AN' WE HAVEN'T EVEN A CAKE OF SOAP!



HE'S RUSHING THROUGH THAT SPRINKLER SYSTEM, TORO.

THAT'S WHAT THEY USE TO COOL THE GELATINE MOULDS OF THE FOOD PILLS, EH, TORCH? WELL, WE'LL HEAT THEM UP!



HUNDREDS OF GALLONS OF FREEZING ICE-WATER DOUSE TORCH AND TORO AND RIP THEIR FLAMES OFF.

BR-R-R! THAT WATER'S COMING DOWN SO FAST, I CAN'T BREATHE!

GOSH! I-I'M J-UST AB-BOUT FROZEN!



NOW, I WILL PUT ON THESE WATER-GOGGLES AND FINISH MISTER TORCH!





HE SUMMONS A FEW OF HIS MEN...

FOLLOW ME,  
DUMB-DOPES!



SOON....

YOU WILL WAKE  
SOON... BUT **NEVER  
FLAME AGAIN**— FOR  
THE WATER WILL  
KEEP YOU  
SOAKED!



THEY RUSH BACK INTO  
THE TORRENT...

DIS IS WHERE  
I USE **YOUR  
HEAD!**



TAKE DEM OUDT  
AND CHAIN DEM TO  
A SHOWER HEAD.

COLD-ROOM  
SHOWER SUITS  
REQUIRED.

JA



WE'VE WASTED TOO MUCH TIME ALREADY. LOAD  
THE REST OF THOSE FOOD CONCENTRATES  
ON THAT FREIGHT TRAIN!



AN HOUR LATER, THE LOADED FREIGHT  
TRAIN LEAVES THE COMPANY SIDING,  
SPEEDING TO THE COAST WITH A  
**CARGO OF DEATH!**



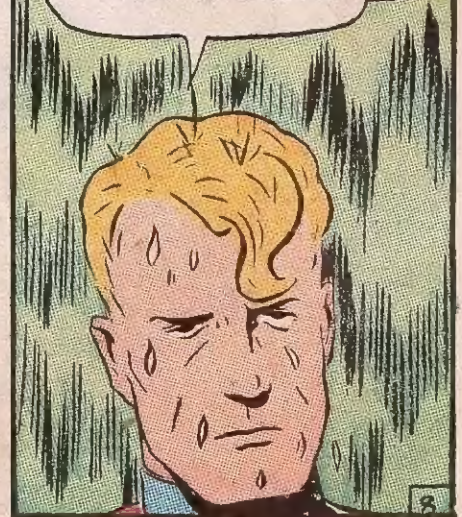
BUT... IN THE FACTORY—  
**TORCH AND TORO** HAVE  
REGAINED CONSCIOUSNESS.

THAT LOAD WE JUST  
SENT WILL GO TO  
ICELAND FOR THE  
AMERICAN SOLDIERS  
THERE.

HUH?



**ICELAND**— THAT LETTER  
SAID: "WOULD LIKE TO SEND  
THE CHILDREN TO ICELAND!"  
... NOW I'M BEGINNING TO  
UNDERSTAND THIS ROTTEN  
NAZI BUSINESS.





OUR NAZI BROTHER IN CANADA GETS INSTRUCTIONS. THEN HE WRITES ME IN SUCH AN INNOCENT WAY THAT HIS LETTER GETS BY THE AMERICAN CENSOR.

I USE THE SAME CODE AND TELL HIM WHERE THE POISONED FOOD TABLETS ARE TO BE SHIPPED...

THEN THE NAZIS ATTACK THAT PLACE AND OUR SOLDIERS ARE DEAD OR DYING. NO WONDER THERE WAS NO RESISTANCE AT CARRAWAY ISLAND.

THE SINISTER GRUPPER EXPLAINS THE PLOT.

I'LL BE BACK IN A FEW HOURS TO KILL YOU— IF PNEUMONIA DOESN'T KILL YOU FIRST! HA-HA!

KEEP OUT

SHOWER WHEN LIGHT IS RED

CHAINED AND HELPLESS UNDER THE ICE-WATER, TORCH AND TORO AWAIT A CHILL FATE.

G-GOSH! L-LOOKS L-LIKE THE END, TORCH!

I'M SO DRENCHED I CAN'T FLAME UP!

WAIT! I'VE AN IDEA!

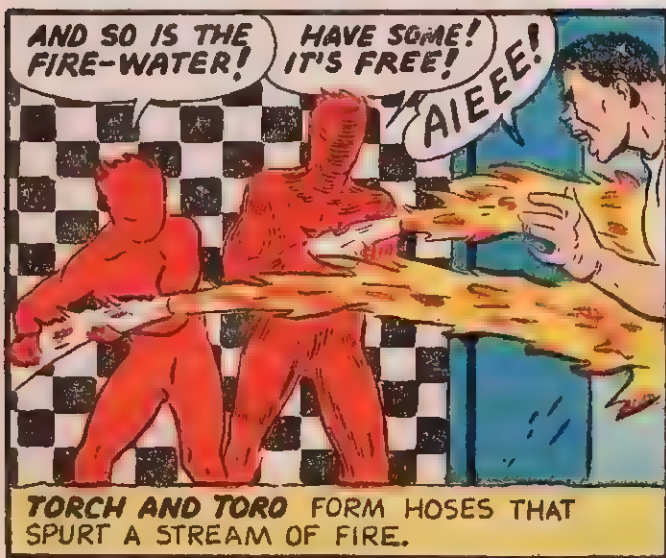
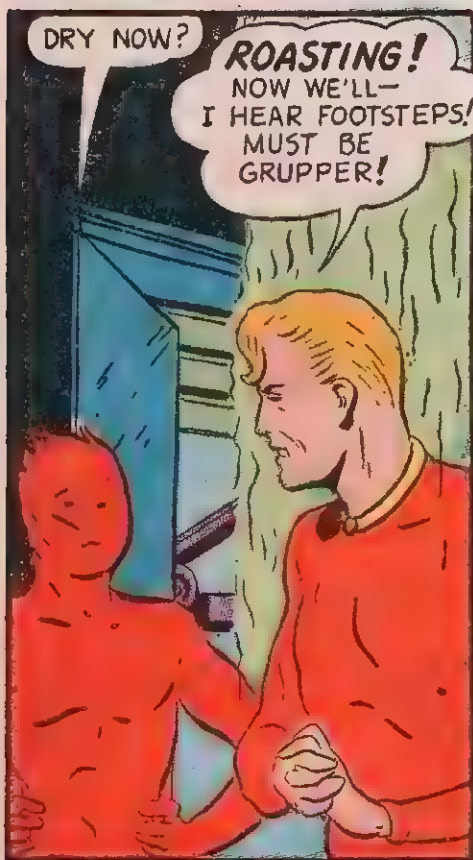
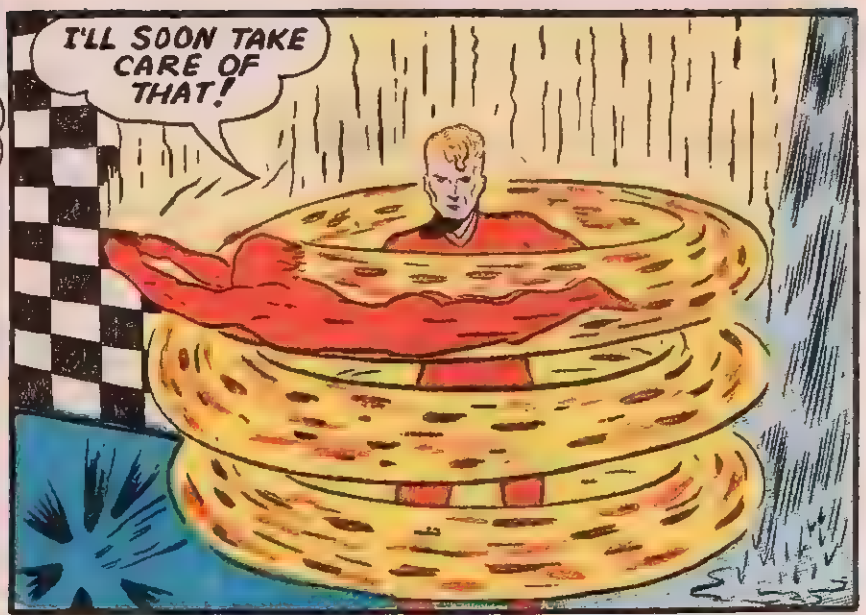
THIS'LL KEEP THE WATER OFF YOU, TORO.

"I GET YA! MAYBE I CAN DRY OUT A LITTLE.

ABOUT HALF AN HOUR LATER...

TORCH! TORCH! I CAN FLAME! I'LL BURN THROUGH THE CHAINS!





**TORCH AND TORO** FORM HOSES THAT SPURT A STREAM OF FIRE.



DESPERATE FROM BLOWS INFLICTED BY **THE TORCH**, GRUPPER ATTEMPTS TO ESCAPE.



HAVE SOME FIRE PILLS!

NO-NO!  
I CAN'T STAND IT!  
OOOOO!

HE SWALLOWS SOME OF HIS OWN POISONED FOOD CONCENTRATES...



I-I HAD SAVED THESE F-FOR YOU- BUT...  
**ARRGH!**

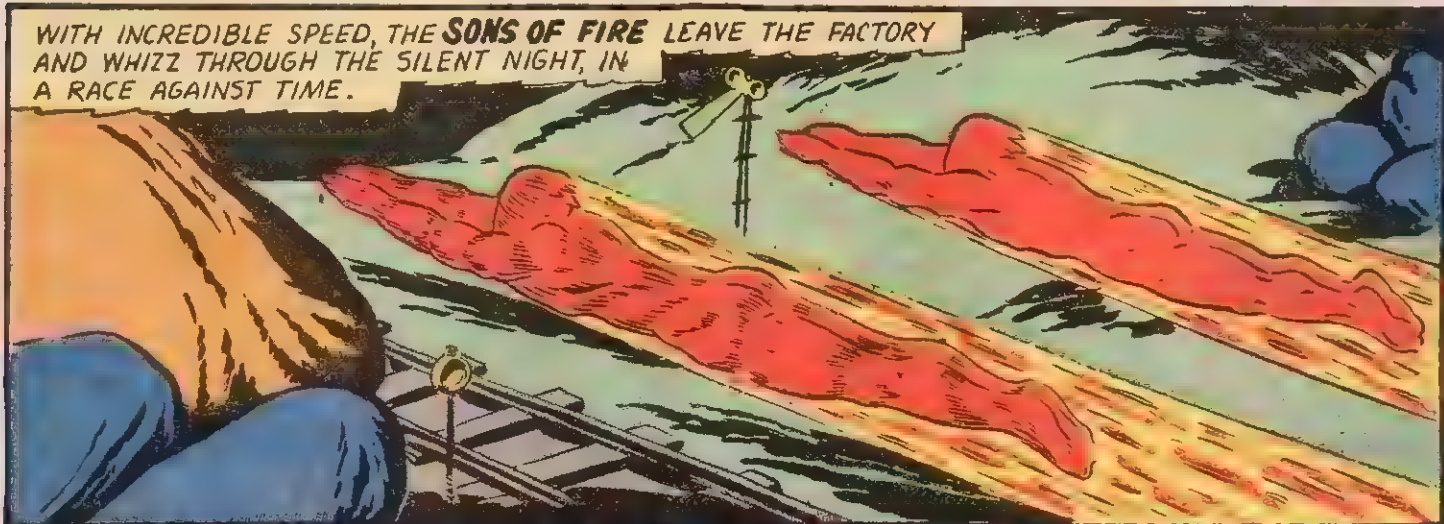
**HE COMMITTED SUICIDE!**  
IMAGINE WHAT MIGHT HAPPEN TO AMERICAN SOLDIERS WHO ATE THEM!



WE'VE GOTTA STOP THAT FREIGHT TRAIN!  
THOSE POISON PILLS **CAN'T** BE DELIVERED!

**RIGHT WITH YA!**  
GUESS THESE RATS WON'T GET VERY FAR!

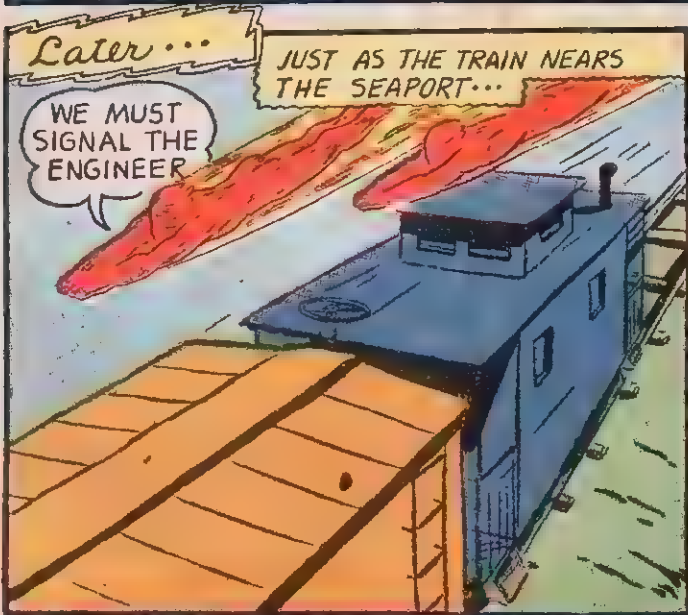
WITH INCREDIBLE SPEED, THE **SONS OF FIRE** LEAVE THE FACTORY AND WHIZZ THROUGH THE SILENT NIGHT, IN A RACE AGAINST TIME.



Later...

WE MUST SIGNAL THE ENGINEER

JUST AS THE TRAIN NEARS THE SEAPORT...





THE ENGINEER SEES THE WARNING ...

**IT'S THE HUMAN TORCH!**

I WON'T LET ANYONE  
BOARD THIS TRAIN 'TIL  
I FIND OUT WHAT  
THIS IS ALL ABOUT!

AT THE SEAPORT, **TORCH** CONTACTS THE F.B.I.,  
WHO SUPERVISE THE REMOVAL OF THE  
CONCENTRATES.

WE'LL GO AFTER THE NAZI SPY  
ON THE CANADIAN END OF  
THIS PLOT RIGHT AWAY,  
TORCH.

EXCELLENT!

THERE WON'T BE  
ANY MORE AMERICANS  
KILLED THIS WAY!

**GOOD!**

A FEW HOURS LATER... IN THE LOCAL F.B.I.  
CHEMICAL LABORATORY...

OUR MEN JUST ARRESTED  
GRUPPER'S GANG, SIR.

NO QUESTION  
ABOUT IT, SIR,  
THIS IS...

**FINE!** NOW TO  
GET THE REPORT  
ON THOSE  
PILLS!

**CYANIDE—**  
ONE OF THE  
**MOST DEADLY**  
OF POISONS!

IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR YOU,  
TORCH AND TORO— THOUSANDS  
OF AMERICAN DOUGHBOYS WOULD  
HAVE BEEN KILLED, WITHOUT A  
CHANCE TO FIGHT FOR THEIR  
LIVES— AND FOR THE FREEDOM  
OF ALL PEOPLES FROM  
EVILS SUCH AS  
THIS!

**TORCH AND TORO**  
CONTINUE TO  
LIGHT THE  
FLAME FOR  
**FREEDOM**  
IN THE  
NEXT ISSUE  
OF  
**ALL WINNERS**



# CAPTAIN AMERICA

## The RETURN OF DOCTOR CRIME!

**P**OSSESSED WITH A FORMULA WHICH SHRINKS THE HUMAN BODY TO PYGMY SIZE, DOCTOR ELMGREN ADOPTS THE WEIRD ROLE OF DR. CRIME, LAUNCHING A SERIES OF CRIMINAL DOINGS, UNTIL CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY.... BUT, WAIT! READ ON AND LEARN FOR YOURSELF....

THE STORY OPENS IN STATE PRISON, THE NEW HOME OF DR. CRIME, WHERE HE HAS A VISITOR....

THE FORMULA IS IN A VIAL IN MY OFFICE! GET IT AND I'LL WORK FOR YOUR FEUHRER!

JA, DR. ELMGREN! YOU BRING US GENERALS WHELAN AND WHITE UND WE PAY YOU ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS! I WILL GET YOUR VIAL TONIGHT!

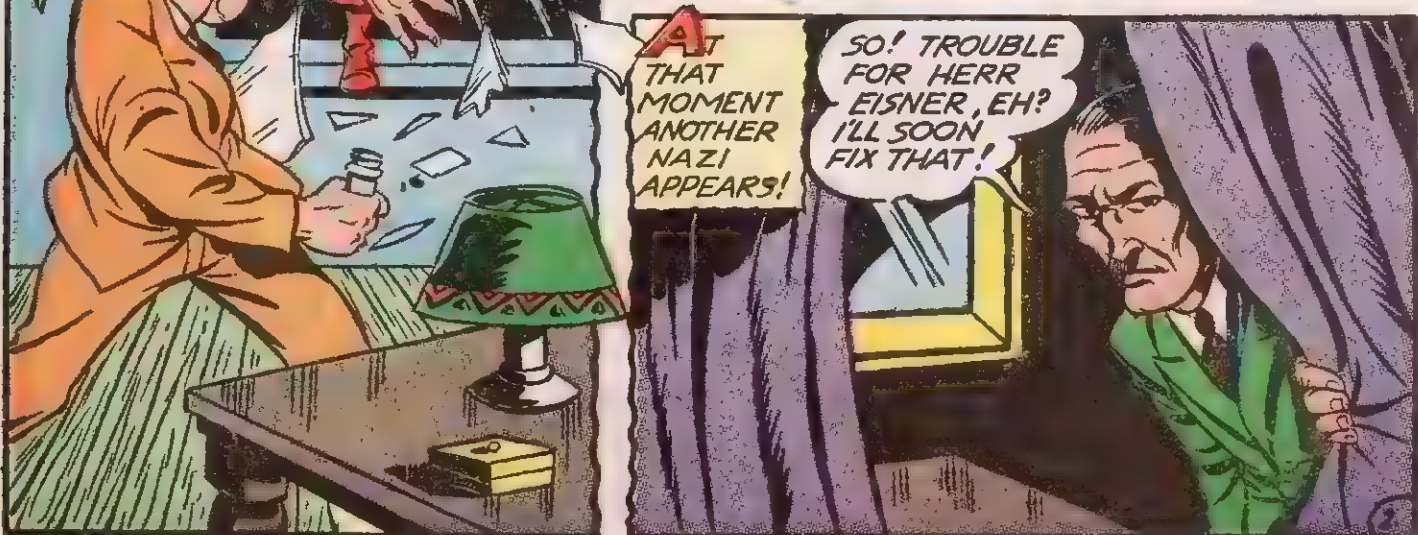
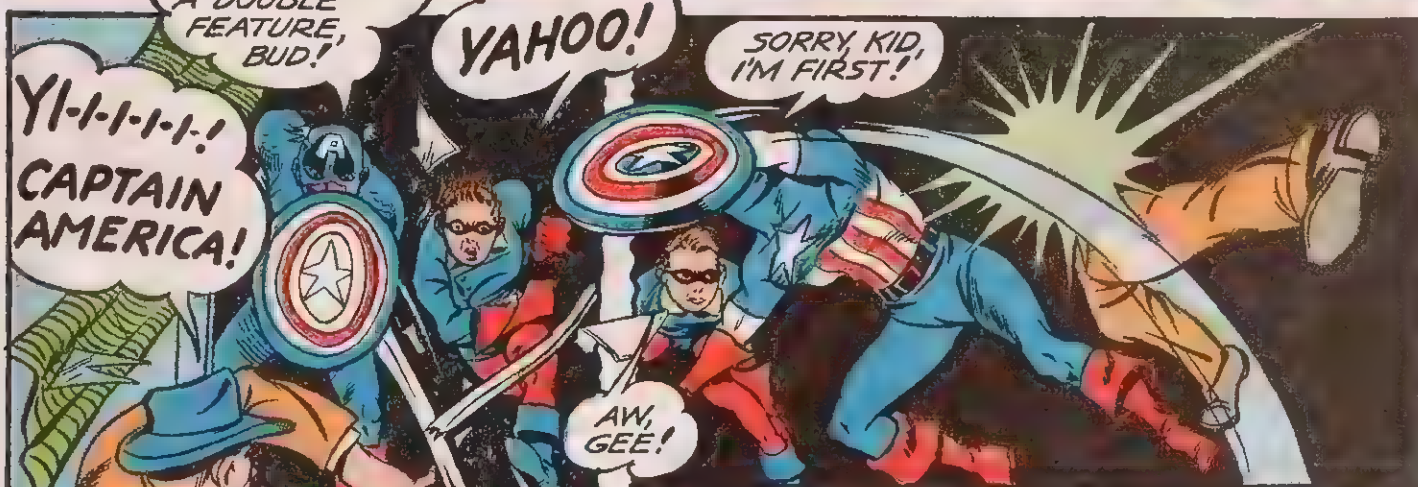
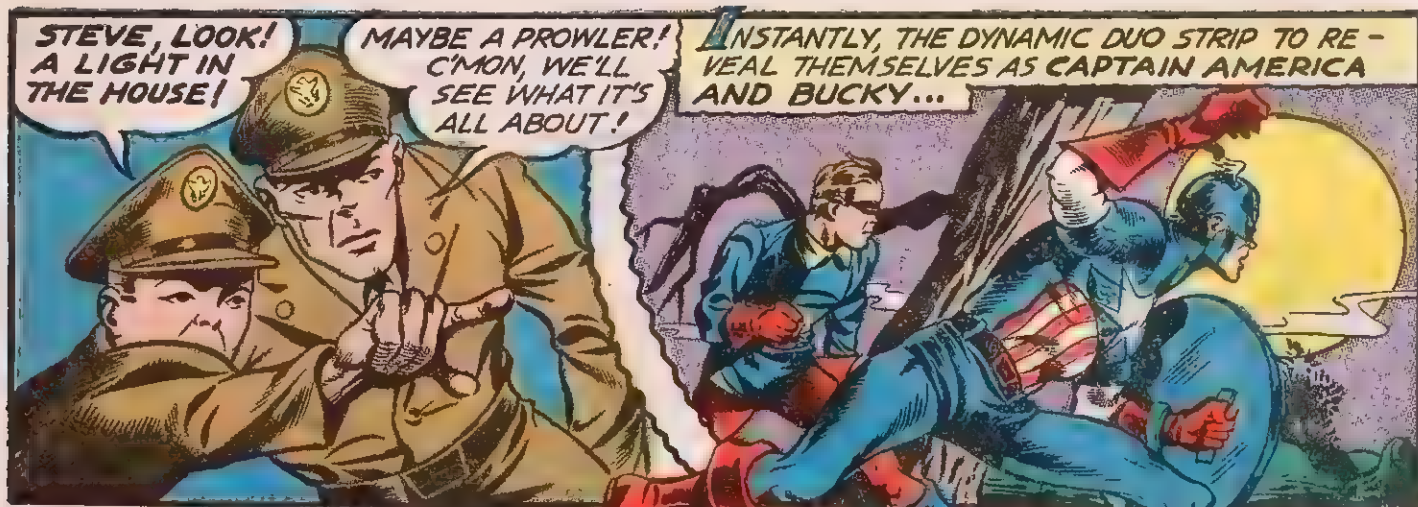
LATER THAT NIGHT, AS STEVE ROGERS AND BUCKY STROLL BACK TO CAMP...

LOOK, STEVE, THERE'S DR. CRIME'S HOUSE!

YEP, IT'S ELMGREN'S PLACE ALL RIGHT... AND IT'LL BE CLOSED FOR TWENTY YEARS -- THAT'S WHEN HE GETS OUT!









THE HENCHMAN HURLS A GAS BOMB, AND CAP AND BUCKY ARE TRAPPED IN THE FUMES...

JA! UNDEE SLEEP THIS OFF!

WHY YOU-- COUGH! COUGH!

NEFER MIND THEM! TO THE PRISON---VE MUST GET THE FORMULA TO DR.ELMGREN!

LATER, AT THE PEN, AFTER DR.ELMGREN GETS THE FORMULA--

YOU'RE GOING TO BE A WITNESS TO MY PRISON BREAK! WATCH!

HA! HA! I THINK YOU'RE NUTS!

ELMGREN'S HAND CRUSHES THE VIAL---

FOOL! LAUGH THIS OFF!

--AND AS THE LIQUID COMES IN CONTACT WITH HIS SKIN, ELMGREN BECOMES AS SMALL AS AN ELF---

JEEPERS!

--AND ESCAPES THRU THE LEGS OF THE AMAZED GUARDS!

HEY! WHERE'D HE GO?

GOODBYE, STUPID FRIENDS!

LOOK FOR HIM, QUICK!

IN THE MEANTIME CAP AND BUCKY COME TO---

WHEW, WHAT A SLEEP! I WONDER HOW LONG WE'VE BEEN HERE!

EXTRA! READ ALL ABOUT THE PRISON BREAK--!

BOY! IF SARGE EVER FINDS OUT, WE'LL--CAP--LISTEN!!

DR.ELMGREN MAKES SENSATIONAL ESCAPE FROM PRISON EXTRA!

THOSE RATZIS GOT THE SHRINKING FORMULA TO HIM! THAT MEANS WE'VE GOT TO DEAL WITH THE FIEND-DR.CRIME!

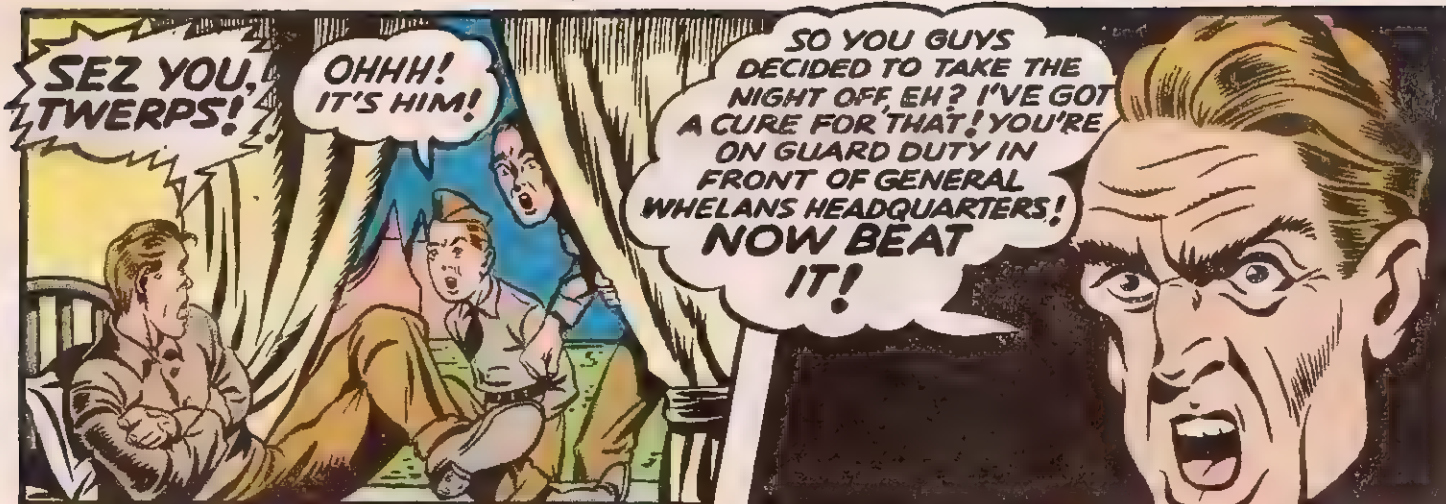
RIGHT NOW WE'D BETTER GET BACK TO CAMP!

SH-H-H! LET'S TIP TOE IN! MAYBE THE SARGE DOESN'T KNOW WE'VE BEEN OUT!

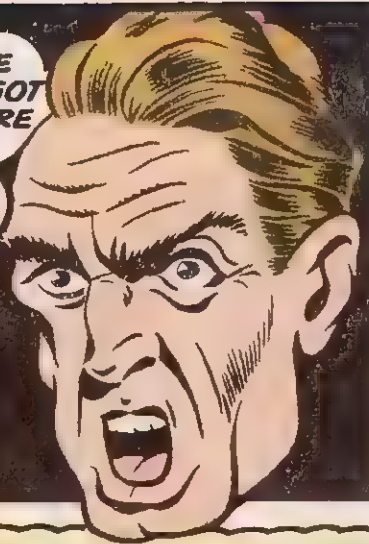
YEAH! WHAT A BREAK FOR US! NO SIGN OF HIM AROUND!

--AND SO STEVE AND BUCKY STEAL BACK TO CAMP LEHIGH!





SO YOU GUYS DECIDED TO TAKE THE NIGHT OFF, EH? I'VE GOT A CURE FOR THAT! YOU'RE ON GUARD DUTY IN FRONT OF GENERAL WHELAN'S HEADQUARTERS! NOW BEAT IT!



AT THAT MOMENT AT GEN. WHELAN'S QUARTERS AN OMINOUS FIGURE EYES THE PACING GUARD...

A DROP OF MY SWEET NECTAR WILL DISPOSE OF THAT SLIGHT OBSTACLE. HA! HA!



YOU'RE INSANE! GUARDS!

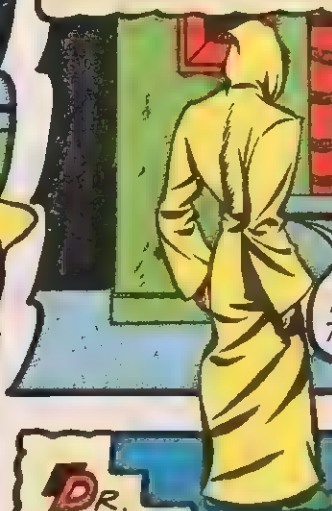
ALLOW ME TO OPEN THE DOOR FOR YOUR GUARD!



---AND IMMEDIATELY AFTER, THE GENERAL RECEIVES A STRANGE VISITOR---

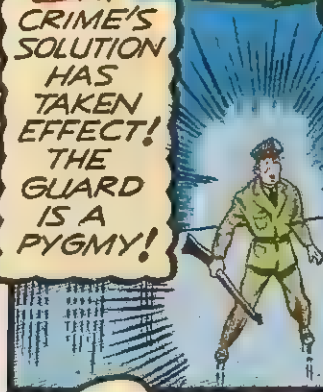
GET OUT OF HERE YOU CLOWN! THIS IS NO PLACE FOR JOKING!

DR. CRIME NEVER JOKES! GENERAL, THE NAZIS ARE OFFERING A PRICE FOR YOU! I'VE COME TO TURN YOU OVER TO THEM!



GOOD LORD! WHAT'S HAPPENED TO HIM?

DR. CRIME'S SOLUTION HAS TAKEN EFFECT! THE GUARD IS A PYGMY!



AND NOW, GENERAL, THIS WILL SHRINK YOU---AND I TAKE YOU WITH ME!

NO! NO!



MEANWHILE OUR HEROES REACH THE GUARD POST---

HEY! WHAT'S THAT?

HELP! OH HHH!

SOUNDS LIKE TROUBLE, STEVE!





**GREAT SCOTT! IT'S DR. CRIME,  
AND HE'S GOT THE GENERAL!**

**IN A FEW SECONDS, TWO STAR-  
SPANGLED FIGURES BURST INTO THE  
ROOM TO CONFRONT DR. CRIME!**

**CAPTAIN  
AMERICA  
AND THE  
BRAT!**

**IT'S TIME FOR  
CAPTAIN AMERICA  
AND BUCKY TO ENTER  
THE PICTURE!**

**WE'VE MET  
BEFORE, DR.  
CRIME!**

**AND I'VE  
STILL GOT  
SOME POISON  
DARTS FOR  
YOU!**

**CAP! HE'S  
GETTING  
AWAY!**

**DR. CRIME HURRIES  
AWAY IN HIS CAR, AS CAP  
AND BUCKY LEAP DOWN ON IT--**

**NICE GOING, BUCKY!  
WE'LL GO ON A  
RIDE WITH  
THE DOC!**

**SO! THEY WANT  
A RIDE, EH!  
STRAIGHT TO  
THE ARMS  
OF THE  
NAZIS!**

**HOLD ON, BUCKY!  
LOOKS LIKE HE'S  
TRYING TO FLY!**



**SWIFTLY THE CAR SPEEDS INTO AN OPEN DOOR OF A WINDMILL ...**

**HOLY CATS, CAP! WE'RE TRAPPED!**

**RIGHT INTO A RATZI NEST!**

**IT'S DR. CRIME! HE'S GOT CAPTAIN AMERICA WITH HIM!**

**WE OUTNUMBER THEM! CHARGE!**

**BUT WHEN THE NAZIS TRY TO ATTACK CAP AND BUCKY THEY FIND THEY'VE RUN INTO A CAGE OF WILD CATS!**

**NICE SETTING UP EXERCISE, EH, CAP?**

**THE CRAFTY VON EISNER PREPARES FOR A VICTORY.....**

**FIRST I'LL GET THE LITTLE ONE!**

**HOLD THAT POSE!**

**BONG!**

**TRY THIS ON FOR SIZE, CHUM!**

**BUT DR. CRIME TAKES A HAND...**

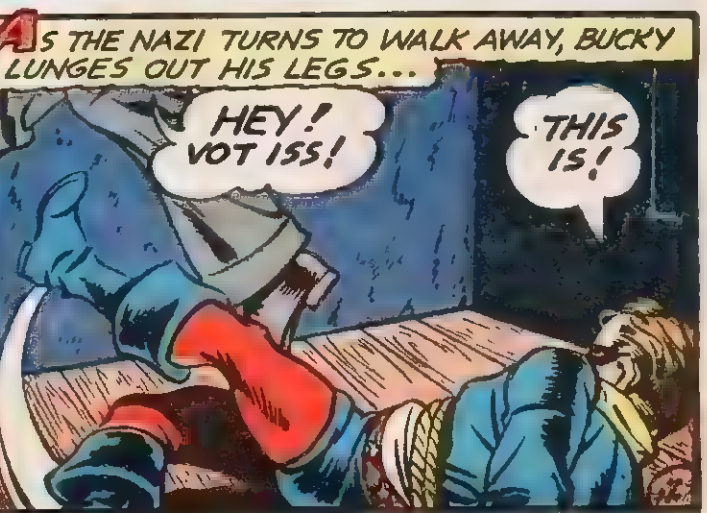
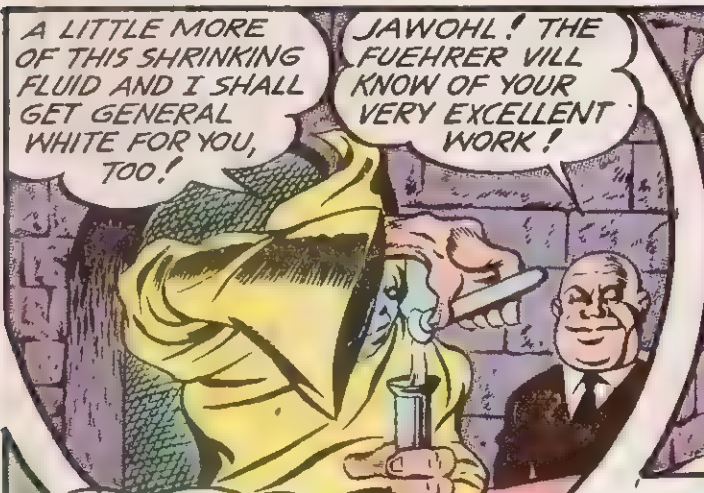
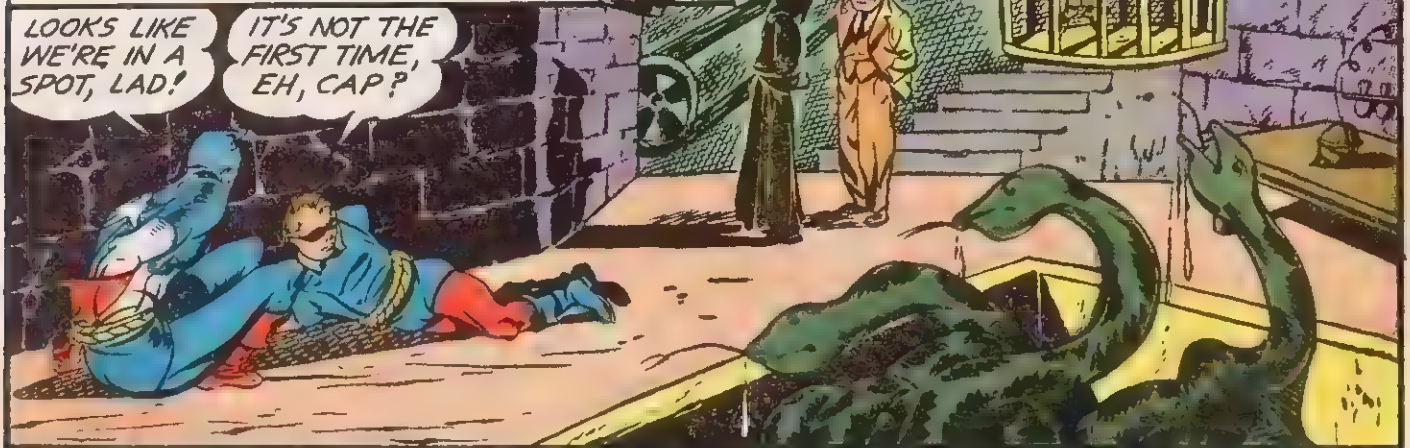
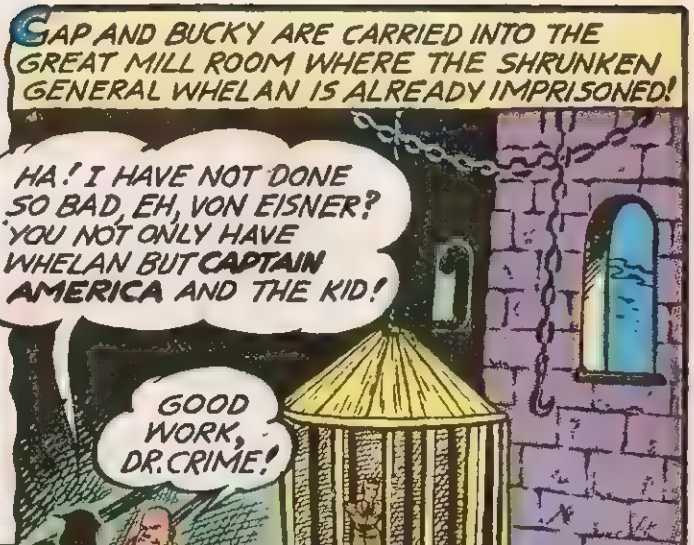
**HA! YOU FORGOT ME!**

**YOU RAT! I'LL BREAK EVERY BONE IN YOUR BODY!**

**DR. CRIME NIMBLY SIDESTEPS THE MADDENED RUSH OF THE ENRAGED BUCKY!...**

**...AND HE CRASHES TO THE FLOOR!**







**T**HE NAZI GUARD FALLS, KNOCKING OVER THE FLUID CONTAINER---!

**W**ILLINGLY, BUCKY SUBJECTS HIMSELF TO THE EFFECTS OF DR. CRIMES SHRINKING FLUID-

CLUMSY DUMB OX!

THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK!

I'LL KICK YOUR HEAD OFF!

HOPE THIS STUFF WORKS!

**S**UDDENLY, BUCKY TURNS THE SIZE OF AN ELF!

ACH! VOT HAPPENS?

JUST ME TURNING INTO A SHRINKING VIOLET!

NICE GOING, BUCKY!

WERE HE GO?

I'LL HAVE YOU FREE IN A SECOND!

HERE I AM! DO ME SOMETHING!

**B**UT AS THE NAZI RUSHES TO GRAB BUCKY, HE GETS THE SURPRISE OF HIS LIFE--

WHERE D'YA THINK YOU'RE GOING?

CRACK!

IT'S IN THE LINE OF DUTY! I SUGGEST YOU SAY NOTHING OF THIS 'TILL WE GET DR. CRIME!

**W**ITH THE NAZI OUT OF THE WAY, CAP FINDS THE ANTIDOTE TO THE SHRINKING SERUM AND RESTORES GENERAL WHELAN TO HIS FULL SIZE!

I'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO THANK YOU ENOUGH! BOTH OF YOU!

HEY! HOW ABOUT ME?

YOU MIGHT COME IN HANDY THIS WAY! I'VE GOT THE FORMULA TO RESTORE YOU ANYTIME! COME! WE'VE GOT WORK TO DO!



LATER  
OUTSIDE  
THE  
HEAD-  
QUARTERS  
OF THE  
SECOND  
CORPS  
AREA,  
GEN.  
WHITE  
COMMANDANT  
---

HERE HE COMES! I'LL MAKE  
QUICK WORK OF HIM!

ANY FURTHER  
ORDERS, GENERAL  
WHITE?

I'LL SEND FOR  
YOU WHEN I'M  
READY!

AS THE GENERAL TURNS TOWARDS HIS QUARTERS--  
--A PRESENT FOR YOU--  
FROM DR. CRIME!

EH? WHAT'S  
THIS?

BUT A  
BRIGHTLY COLORED  
SHIELD SHOUTS INTO THE  
PATH OF THE EVIL VIAL---

CAPTAIN  
AMERICA!

YAHOO!

GET  
HIM!

LET'S  
START THE  
MUSIC,  
BOYS!

THIS SLING-  
SHOT'LL TAKE  
CARE OF OL'  
DR. CRIME!

OUCH!



QUICKLY, CAP PLUNGES INTO BATTLE WITH DR. CRIME AND HIS COHORTS!!



BUCKY, TOO, CHIPS  
IN WITH HIS BIT ----

OUCH!

I'LL  
PROBABLY  
GET POISONED  
BITING THIS  
GUY, BUT  
HERE GOES!



**D**URING THE SCUFFLE, TWO SOLDIERS HAPPEN ALONG ---

HEY, LOOK! IT'S CAPTAIN AMERICA!

WHEN CAP'S AROUND IT MEANS HE'S MOPPING UP SOME DIRTY WORK! LET'S HELP HIM CLEAN UP!

HELLO, CAP!

WELCOME, FELLAS!

**B**UT VON EISNER TRIES TO ESCAPE!

IN A SITUATION LIKE THIS, ONE MUST FORGET THE FEUHRER AND THINK OF HIMSELF--

GOING SOMEPLACE?

HUH?

**I**N A FEW SECONDS, VON EISNER IS PLACED IN A RATHER PECULIAR POSITION---

I WOULDN'T BOAST ABOUT IT! --- NOW FOR DR. CRIME!

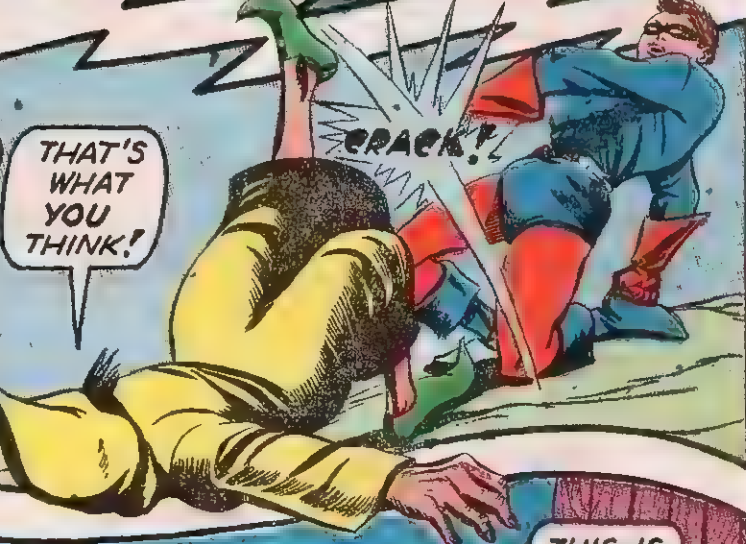
YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO ME! I'M A CITIZEN OF ANOTHER COUNTRY!

OKAY, UGLY PUSS! YOU'RE NEXT ON MY LIST!

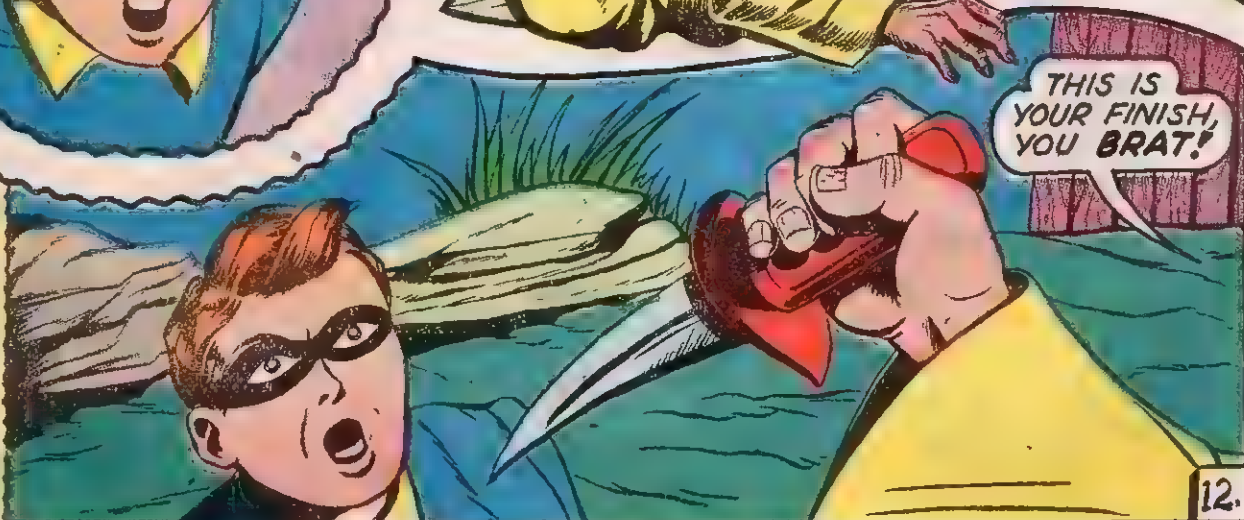
NO! NO! NEVER! AH! YES! THE SHRINKING FLUID!

HE'LL NEVER GET ME NOW!





**A** FLASH OF STEEL AND DEATH IS CLOSE TO BUCKY!





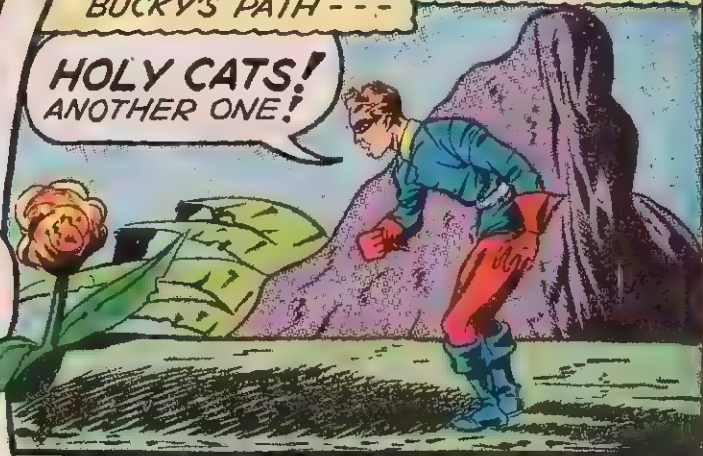
**B**UT BEFORE DR. CRIME CAN STRIKE, HE IS SWOOPED UP BY A HAWK AND BORN AWAY!



**HELP!**

**WOW! THAT WAS CLOSE! NEVER THOUGHT I'D BE SAVED BY A HAWK!**

**S**UDDENLY A SHADOW IS CAST ACROSS BUCKY'S PATH ---

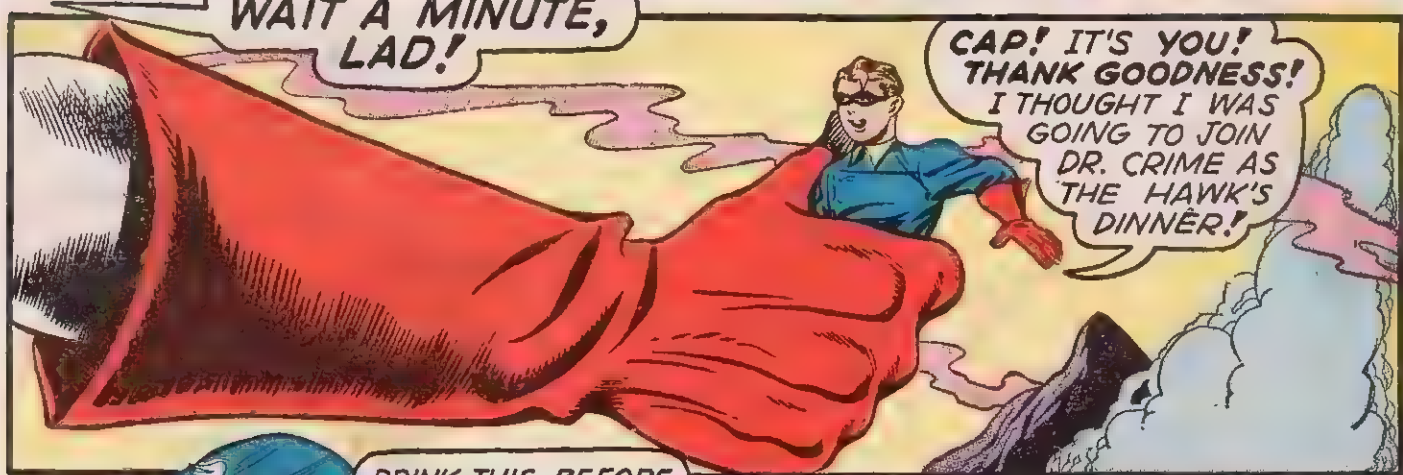


**HOLY CATS! ANOTHER ONE!**

**I'D BETTER GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE I BECOME HAWK-FOOD, TOO!**



**WAIT A MINUTE, LAD!**



**CAP! IT'S YOU! THANK GOODNESS! I THOUGHT I WAS GOING TO JOIN DR. CRIME AS THE HAWK'S DINNER!**

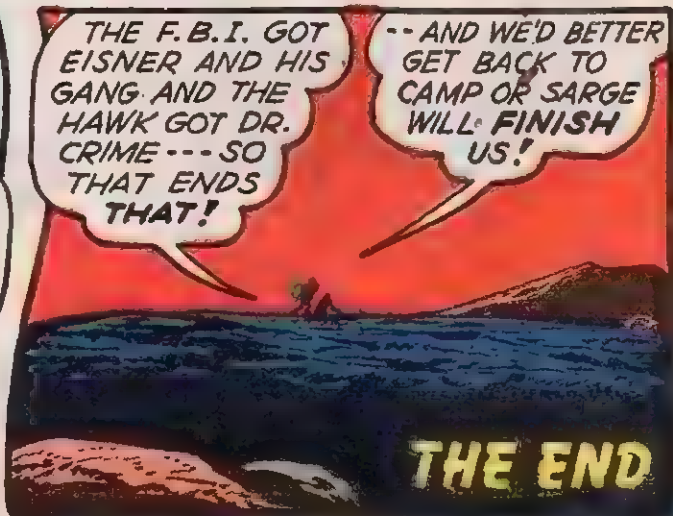
**DRINK THIS BEFORE I HAVE ANY MORE TROUBLE WITH YOU!**

**YEAH! I'M GETTING KINDA TIRED OF BEING SO TINY!**



**THE F.B.I. GOT EISNER AND HIS GANG AND THE HAWK GOT DR. CRIME --- SO THAT ENDS THAT!**

**-- AND WE'D BETTER GET BACK TO CAMP OR SARGE WILL FINISH US!**



**THE END**



# The BIG 3



## TERRY-TOONS

NEW EVERY MONTH  
PUZZLES  
GAMES  
SURPRIZES!

## KRAZY KOMICS

NEW EVERY MONTH  
PUZZLES  
GAMES  
SURPRIZES!

## COMEDY

NEW  
EVERY MONTH  
PUZZLES  
GAMES  
SURPRIZES!



# SUB-MARINER



JAP SNIPERS...  
HIDDEN U BOATS...  
FLYING SHRAPNEL...

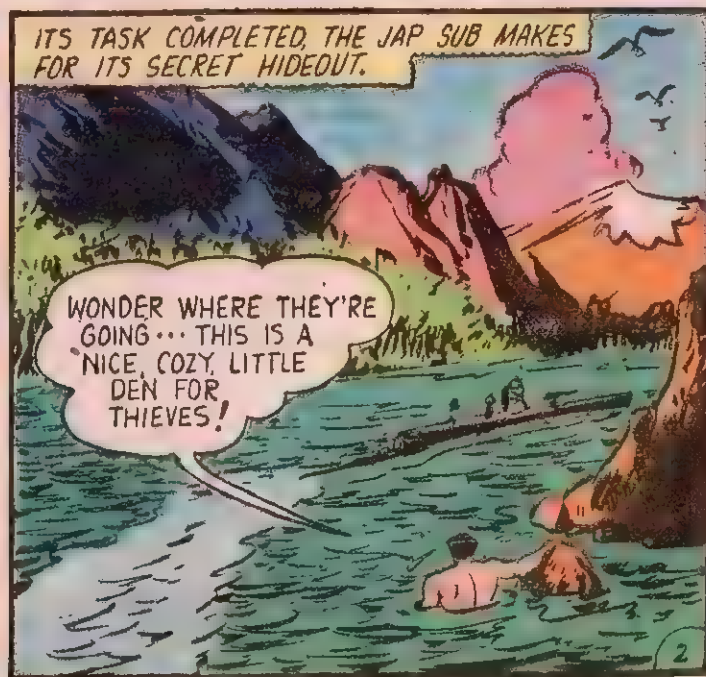
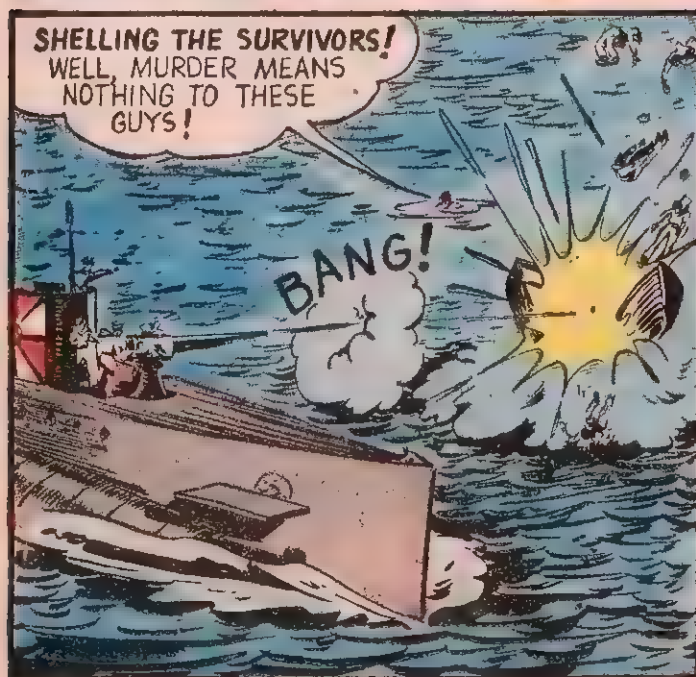
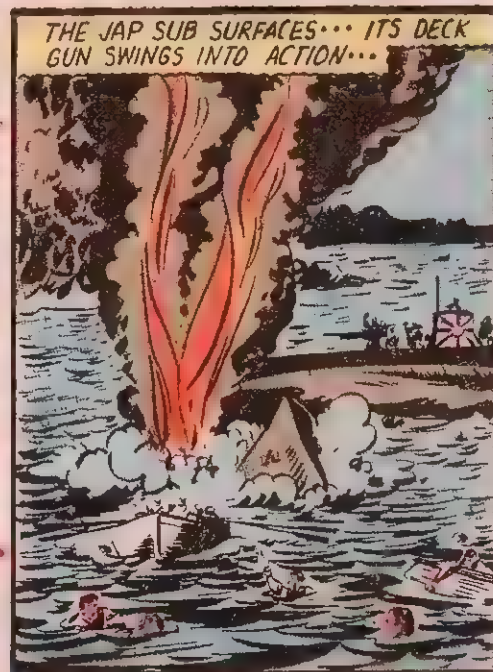
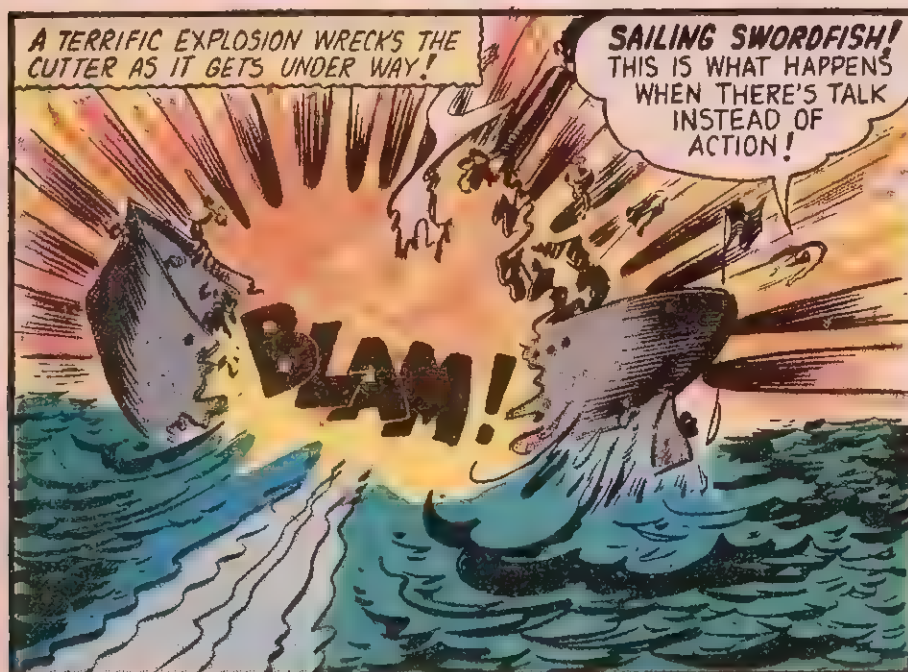
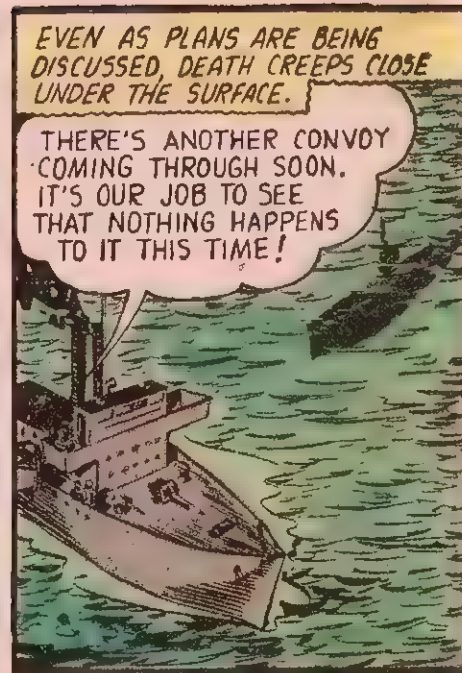
ALL THESE COULDN'T STOP

*Sub-Mariner's*

BATTLE AGAINST TREACHEROUS  
NIPPONESE CONVOY  
BAITING IN

**SMASHING**  
THE JAP TRAP!







**SUB-MARINER** FOLLOWS THE SUB UP THE COVE, FROM THE SHORE.

THAT SKIPPER KNOWS HIS WAY. BET THESE BIRDS PLAYED AT FISHING IN THESE PARTS. WELL GUARDED, TOO!

**YI! SUB-MARINER!**

SKIP THE YI! PART!

HE RUSHES TO THE JAP SENTRY AS HIS RIFLE GOES OFF IN THE STRUGGLE.

COMPANY'S COMING. YOU GO MEET 'EM, SQUINT-EYES!

**SUB-MARINER** TOSSES THE SENTRY AT THE JAP RESCUERS, TO DIVERT THEIR ATTENTION.

JOIN THE REST OF THE YAPS, JAP... I'VE GOT OTHER WORK TO DO...

SNOOPING ABOUT, **SUB-MARINER** COMES UNEXPECTEDLY UPON A HIDDEN CAMP.

**GALLOPING GRASSHOPPERS!** AMERICAN SOLDIERS IN A JAP CONCENTRATION CAMP! THEY CAN'T GET AWAY WITH THIS!

HE DROPS INSIDE THE ENCLOSURE.

YOU BOYS NEED MEDICAL CARE?

WHERE'D YOU COME FROM?  
**DUCK!**

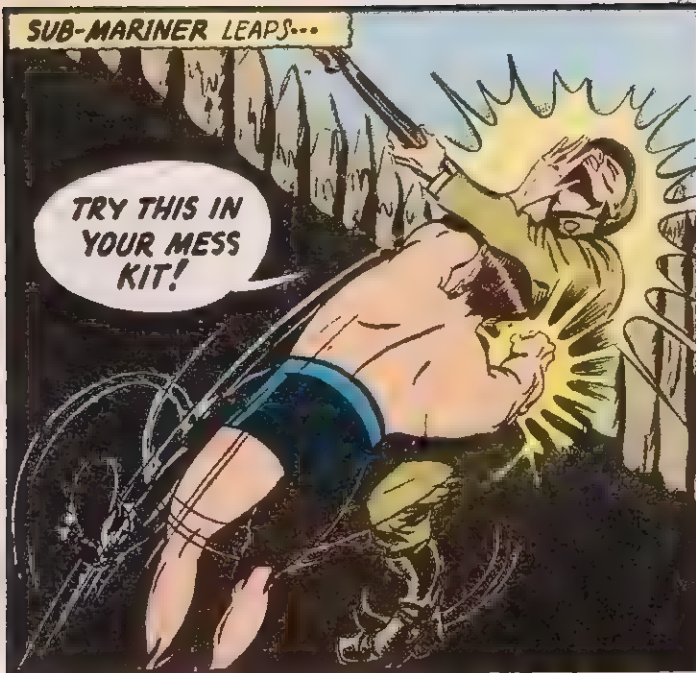
A JAP GUARD SNEAKS UPON HIM, FROM BEHIND.

YOU FINISH BUSINESS, YES?



**SUB-MARINER LEAPS...**

TRY THIS IN  
YOUR MESS  
KIT!

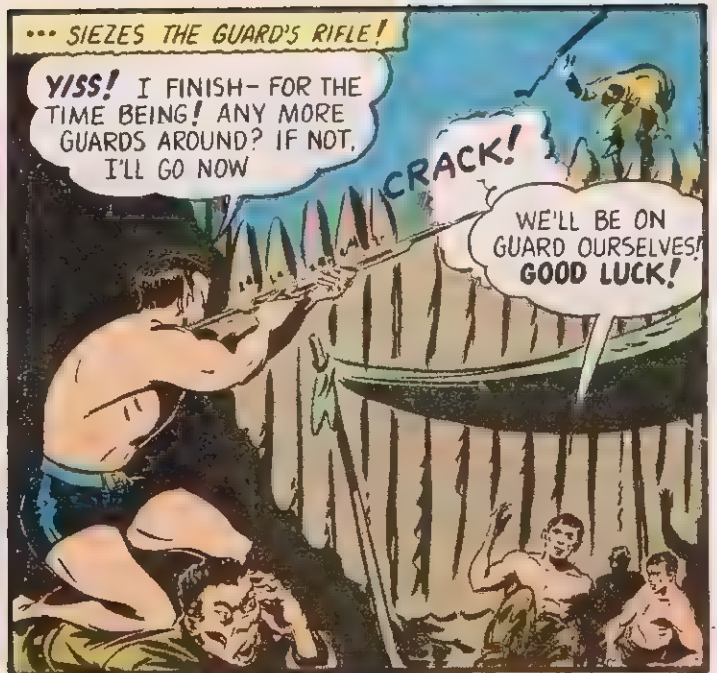


**... SIEZES THE GUARD'S RIFLE!**

YISS! I FINISH- FOR THE  
TIME BEING! ANY MORE  
GUARDS AROUND? IF NOT,  
I'LL GO NOW

CRACK!

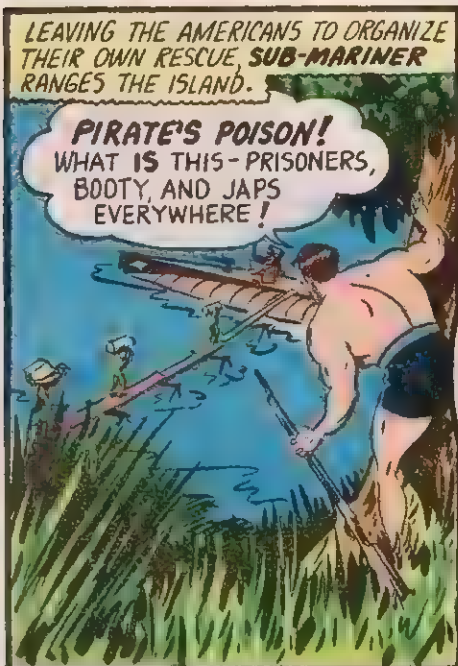
WE'LL BE ON  
GUARD OURSELVES!  
GOOD LUCK!



LEAVING THE AMERICANS TO ORGANIZE  
THEIR OWN RESCUE, **SUB-MARINER**  
RANGES THE ISLAND.

**PIRATE'S POISON!**

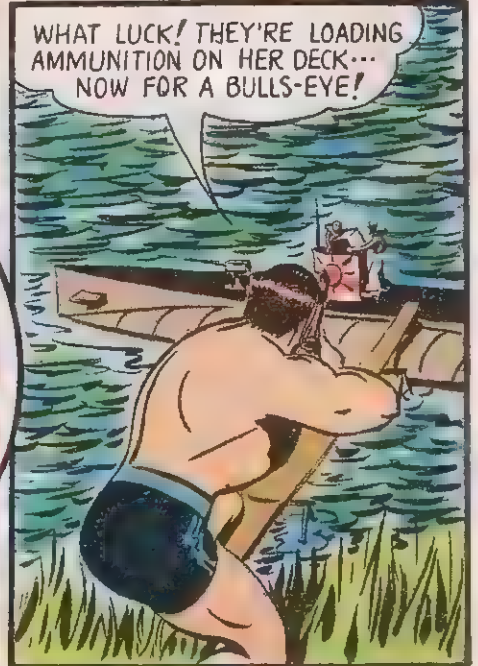
WHAT IS THIS- PRISONERS,  
BOOTY, AND JAPS  
EVERYWHERE!



**SUB-MARINER** WATCHES, AS THE  
JAP U-BOAT IS LOADED WITH  
SUPPLIES AND EXPLOSIVES

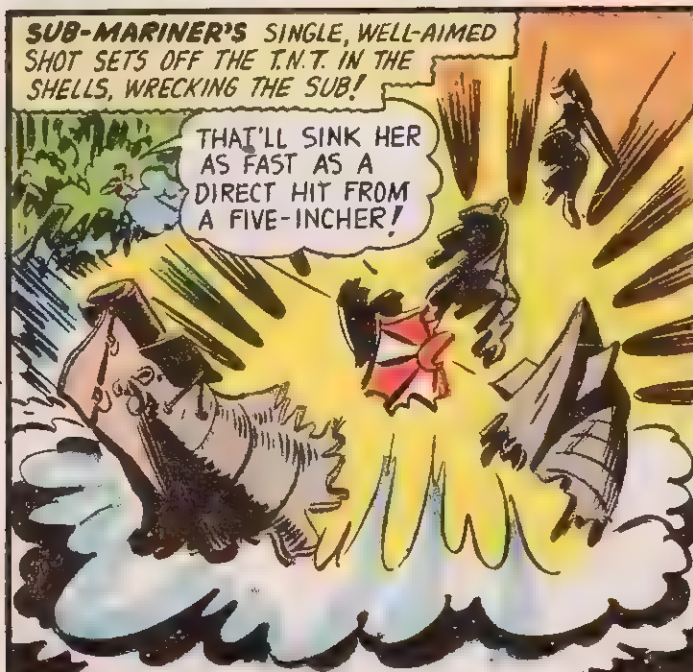


WHAT LUCK! THEY'RE LOADING  
AMMUNITION ON HER DECK...  
NOW FOR A BULLS-EYE!

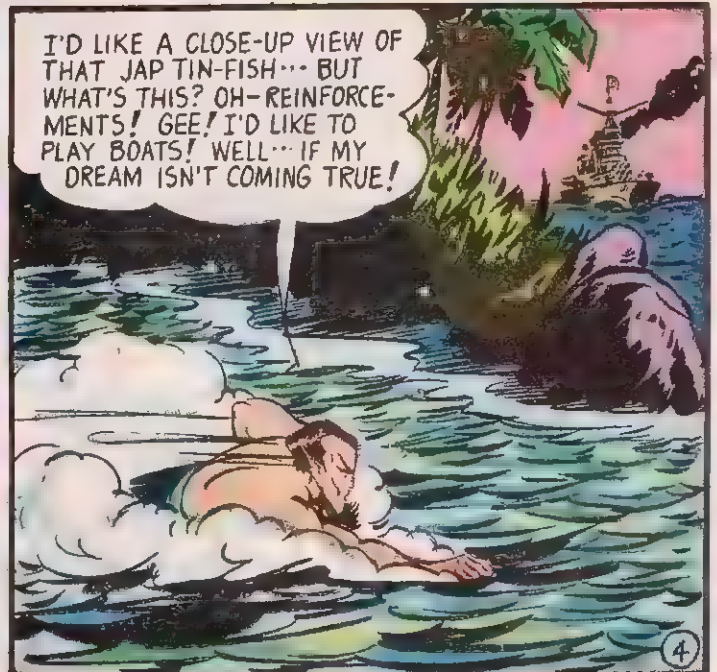


**SUB-MARINER'S** SINGLE, WELL-AIMED  
SHOT SETS OFF THE T.N.T. IN THE  
SHELLS, WRECKING THE SUB!

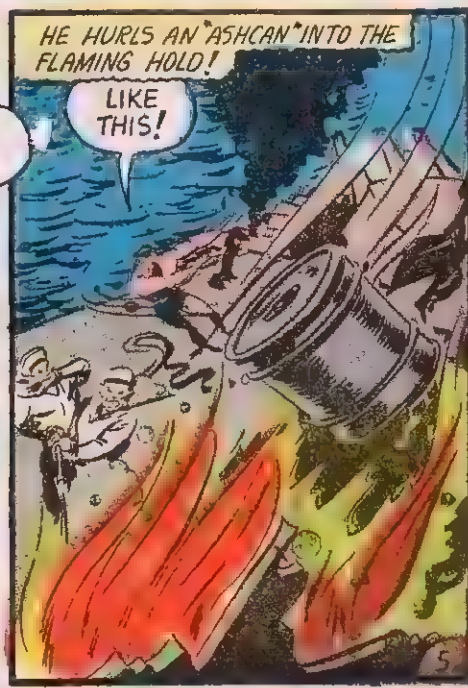
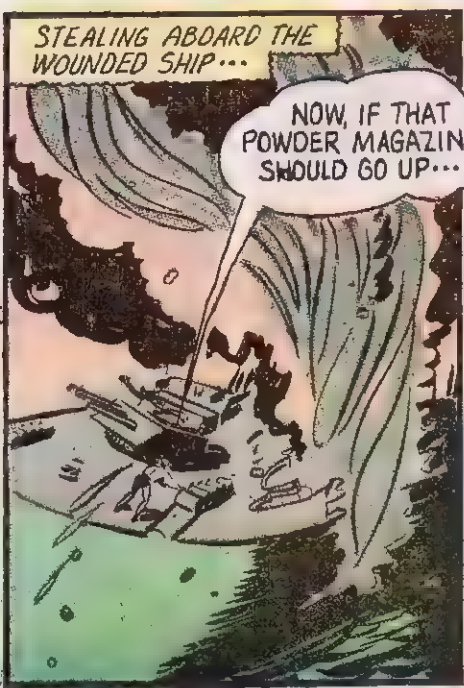
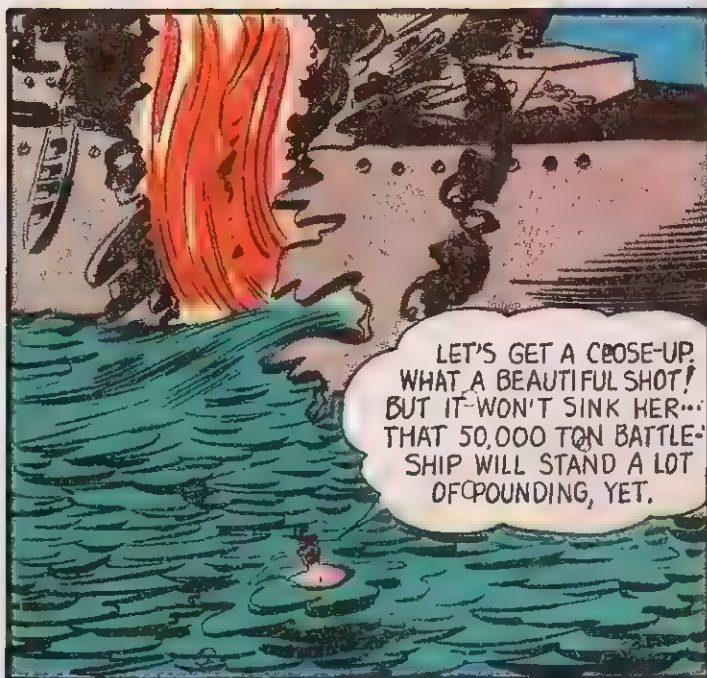
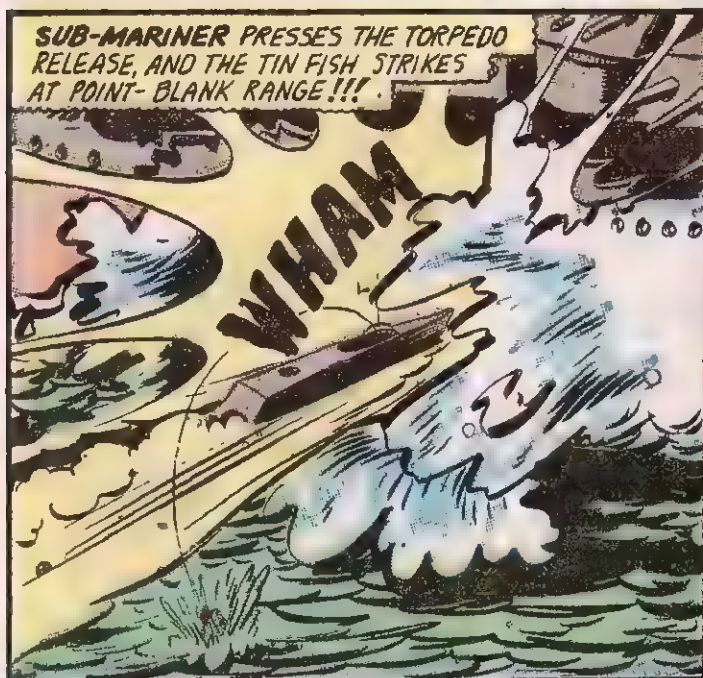
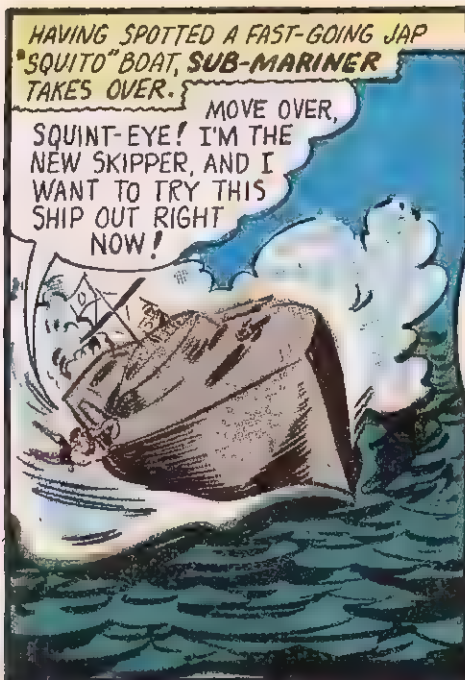
THAT'LL SINK HER  
AS FAST AS A  
DIRECT HIT FROM  
A FIVE-INCHER!



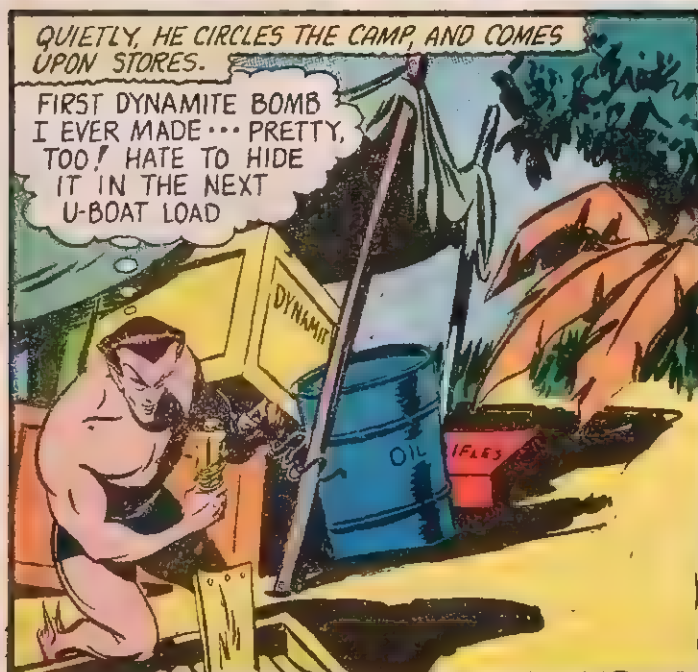
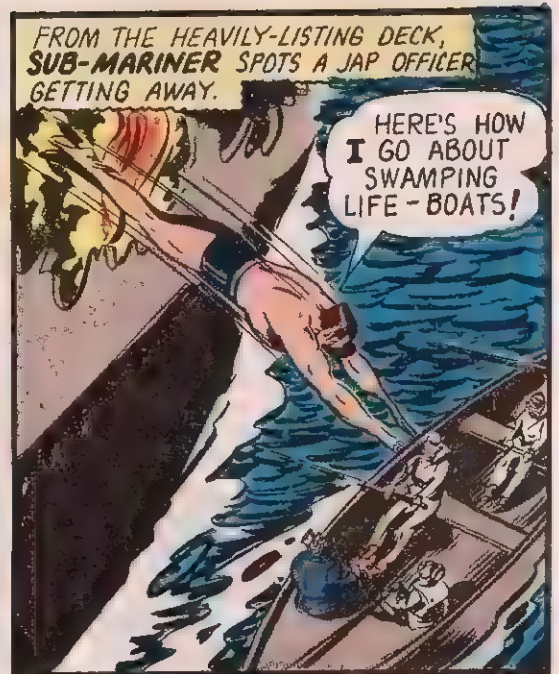
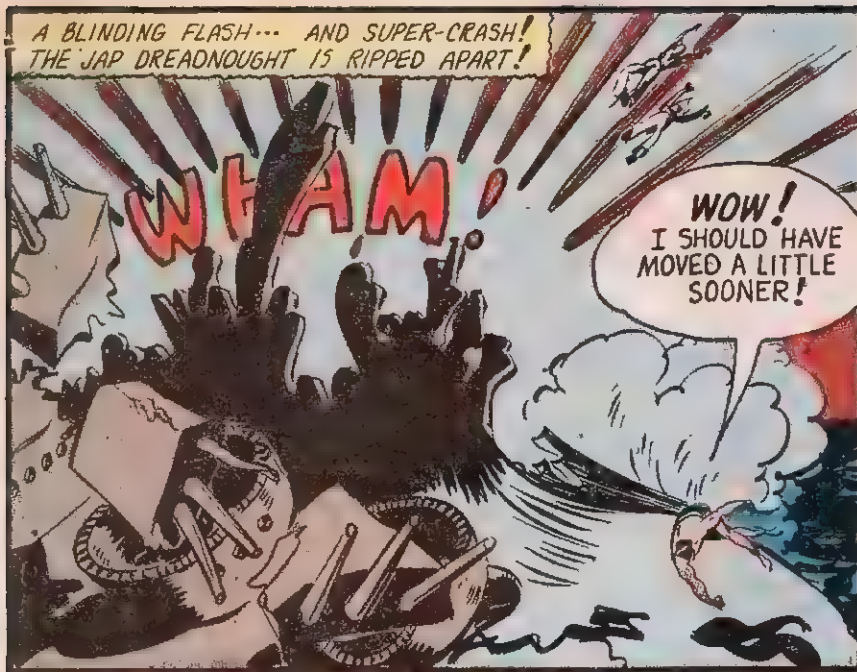
I'D LIKE A CLOSE-UP VIEW OF  
THAT JAP TIN-FISH... BUT  
WHAT'S THIS? OH- REINFORCE-  
MENTS! GEE! I'D LIKE TO  
PLAY BOATS! WELL... IF MY  
DREAM ISN'T COMING TRUE!







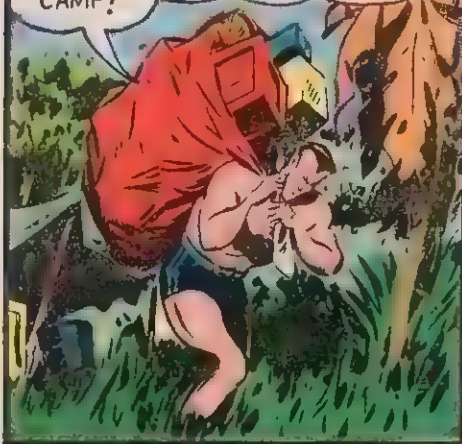






LOADED DOWN WITH SUPPLIES, HE SNEAKS OUT OF THE JAP TENTS AND MAKES HIS WAY THROUGH THE JUNGLE.

AMERICAN GOODS, AND LABELS, TOO! WHERE DID THE JAPS GET THIS FOOD?... AND OUR BOYS STARVING IN A CONCENTRATION CAMP!



TEARING APART THE PRISON CAMP STOCKADE, SUB-MARINER STARTLES THE HAPPILY SURPRISED AMERICANS!

U.S. CHOW! COME 'N GET IT, BOYS!

D'YA HEAR THAT GANG? FOOD!!!

BOY, CAN WE USE IT!



A REGULAR FEAST IS ON!

WHAT'S THAT YOU SAID ABOUT THIS FOOD? IT BELONGS TO US? THAT'S A HOT ONE!

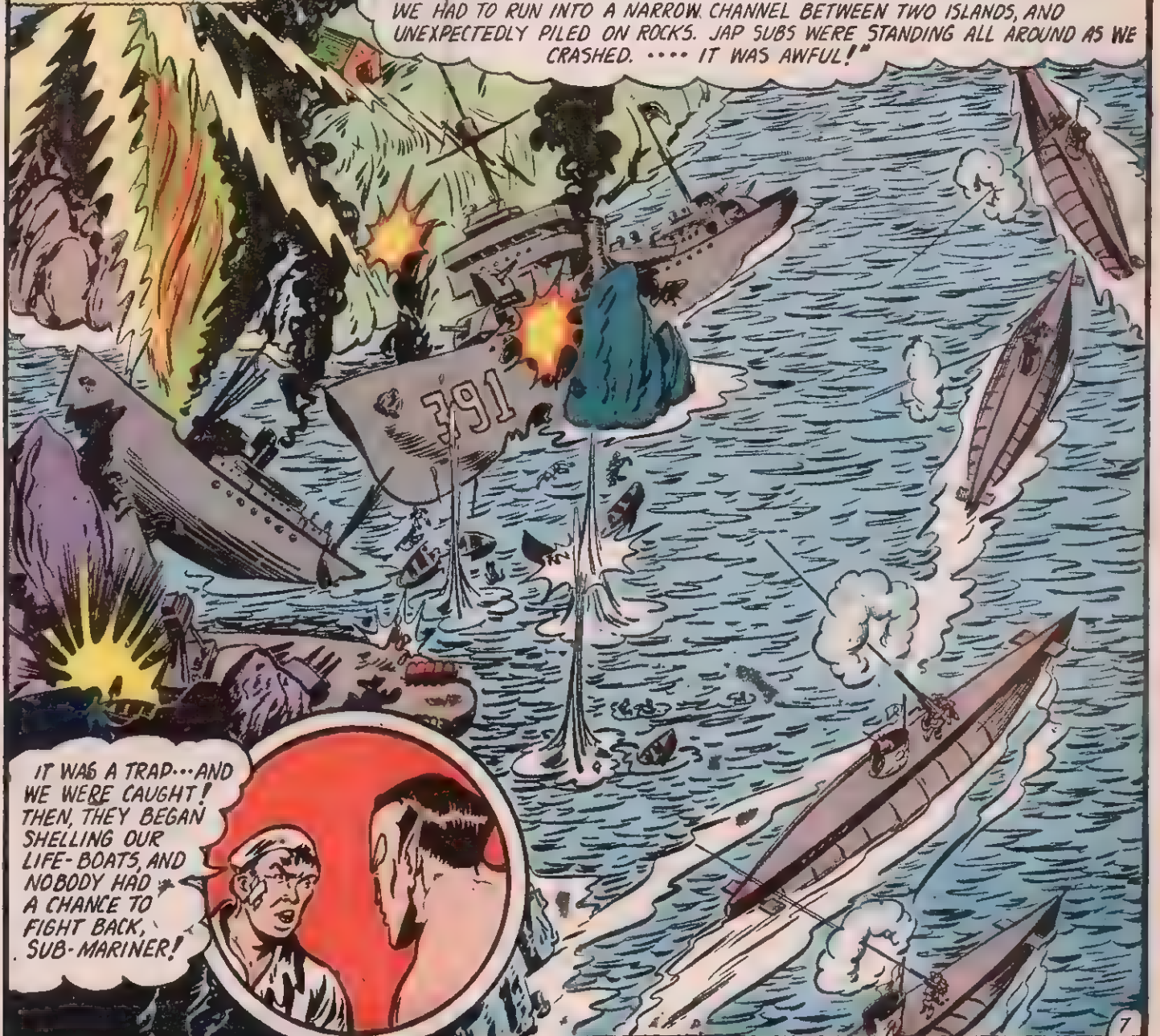
HOW'S THAT?

YES. THIS STUFF CAME FROM OUR CONVOY SHIPS, SUB-MARINER



THE SAILOR, HELPED BY HIS SHIPMATES, EXPLAINS:

"WE STARTED OUT FROM THE STATES IN A HUGE CONVOY OF MANY SUPPLY SHIPS... WITH A DESTROYER ESCORT. THEN, WHEN WE WERE MORE THAN HALF-WAY OVER, WE HAD TO RUN INTO A NARROW CHANNEL BETWEEN TWO ISLANDS, AND UNEXPECTEDLY PILED ON ROCKS. JAP SUBS WERE STANDING ALL AROUND AS WE CRASHED. .... IT WAS AWFUL!"



IT WAS A TRAP...AND WE WERE CAUGHT! THEN, THEY BEGAN SHELLING OUR LIFE-BOATS, AND NOBODY HAD A CHANCE TO FIGHT BACK, SUB-MARINER!

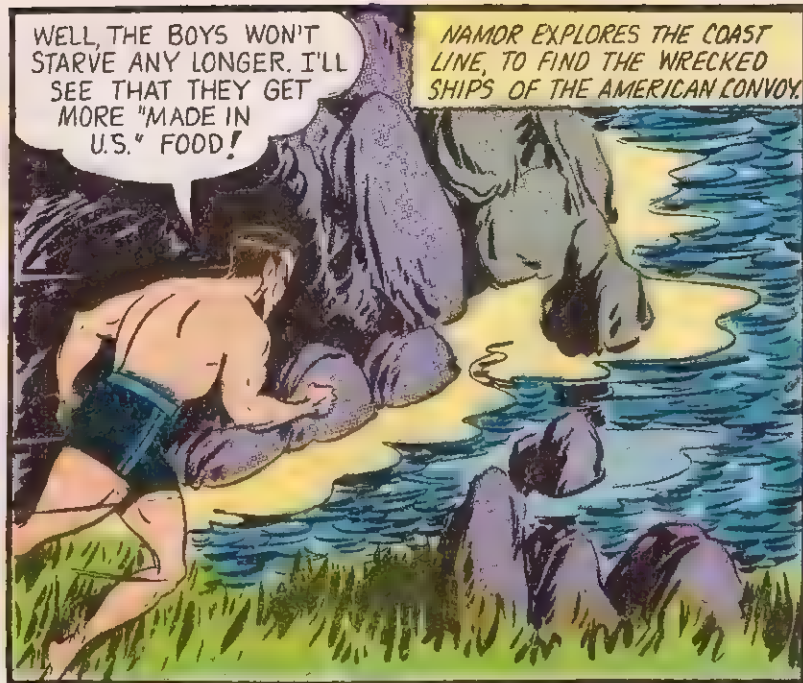






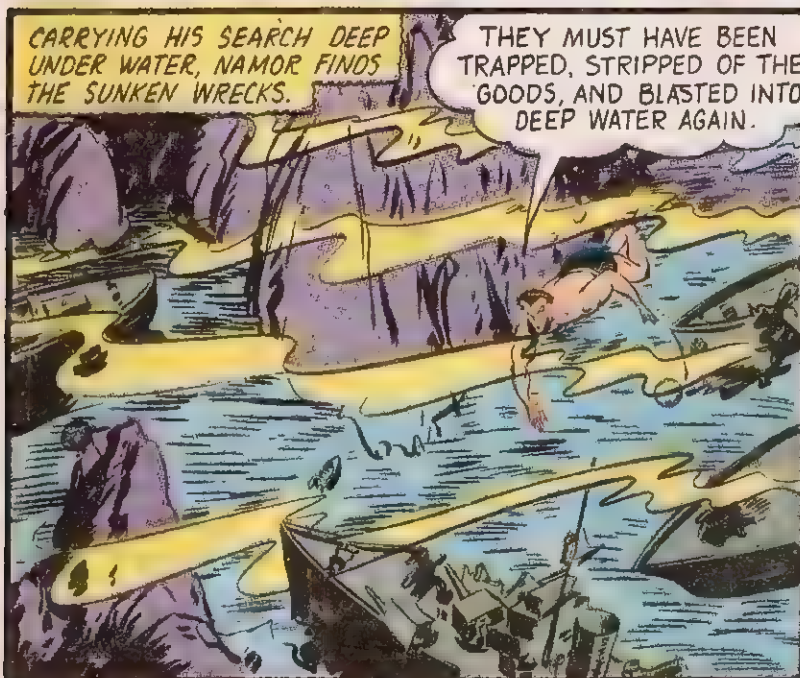
SO THE JAPS CAPTURED ALL OF YOU WHO SURVIVED... BUT THEY WERE AFTER SOMETHING ELSE! I WONDER WHAT?

THEY ROUNDED UP ALL OF US WHO GOT ASHORE, AND MADE US BUILD OUR OWN PRISON CAMP... WHERE THEY LEFT US STARVING!



WELL, THE BOYS WON'T STARVE ANY LONGER. I'LL SEE THAT THEY GET MORE "MADE IN U.S." FOOD!

NAMOR EXPLORES THE COAST LINE, TO FIND THE WRECKED SHIPS OF THE AMERICAN CONVOY.



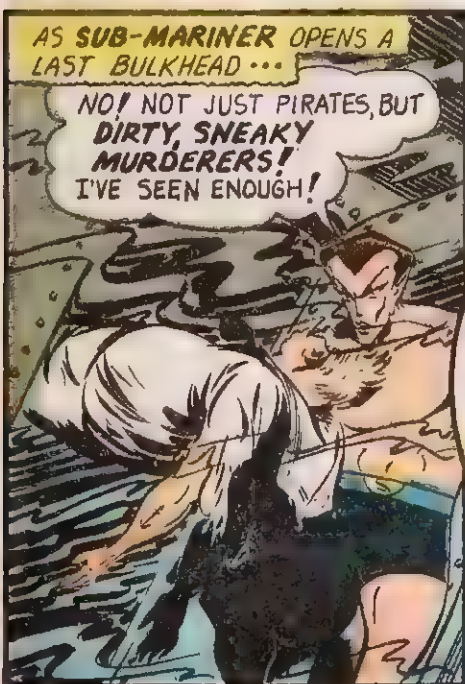
CARRYING HIS SEARCH DEEP UNDER WATER, NAMOR FINDS THE SUNKEN WRECKS.

THEY MUST HAVE BEEN TRAPPED, STRIPPED OF THEIR GOODS, AND BLASTED INTO DEEP WATER AGAIN.



AFTER INSPECTING A NUMBER OF SHIPS...

I THOUGHT SO-EMPTY! EMPTY AS TOKYO WILL BE! WHAT A BUNCH OF PIRATES!

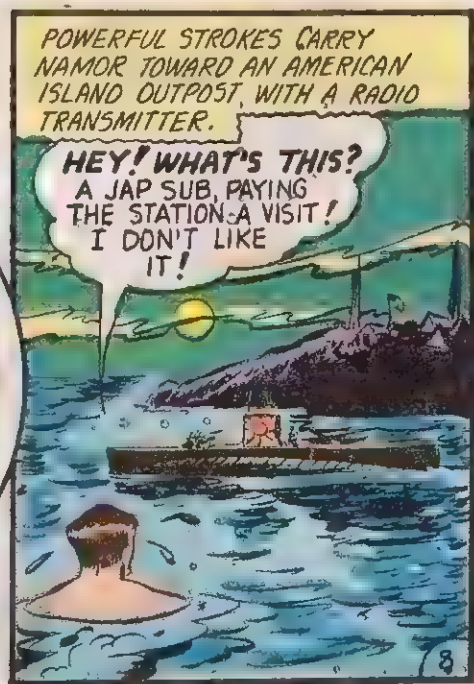


AS SUB-MARINER OPENS A LAST BULKHEAD...

NO! NOT JUST PIRATES, BUT DIRTY, SNEAKY MURDERERS! I'VE SEEN ENOUGH!



THERE IS NO TIME TO LOSE... I'VE GOT TO CONTACT ALL SHIPPING IN THESE WATERS. THIS TRAGEDY MUST NOT BE REPEATED!



POWERFUL STROKES CARRY NAMOR TOWARD AN AMERICAN ISLAND OUTPOST, WITH A RADIO TRANSMITTER.

HEY! WHAT'S THIS? A JAP SUB, PAYING THE STATION-A VISIT! I DON'T LIKE IT!



**SUB-MARINER** CANNOT WARN THEM IN TIME, AND THE SMALL GARRISON IS TAKEN BY SURPRISE.

CAN'T WE **EVER** GET THE JUMP ON THESE MONKEYS?

CHOOSING THE ATTACKER AS AN OBJECTIVE, **SUB-MARINER** GOES INTO ACTION!

I'LL GIVE 'EM A SURPRISE, TOO!

...AND BOARDS THEM FROM THE FAR SIDE.

THIS IS JUST AN APPETIZER!

JUST THEN THE JAP U-BOAT CRASH-DIVES...

SO, YOU'RE DOING A DISAPPEARING ACT, HEY? YOU WON'T FIGHT! WELL, I'LL SEE, LATER.

NAMOR STREAKS FOR SHORE.

I HOPE THE NIPS DIDN'T DESTROY THE RADIO!

AN UNSUSPECTING CUTTER, RUSHING TO INVESTIGATE THE GUNFIRE, STUMBLES INTO DISASTER!

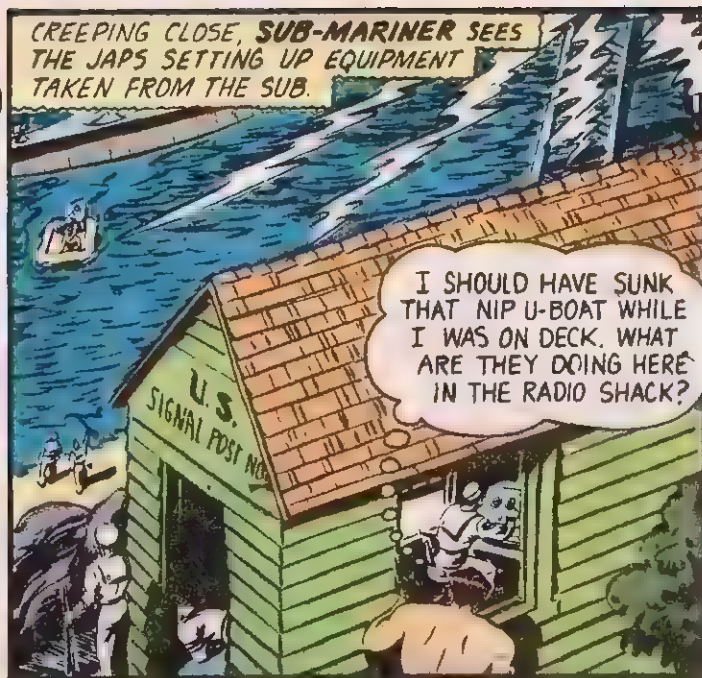
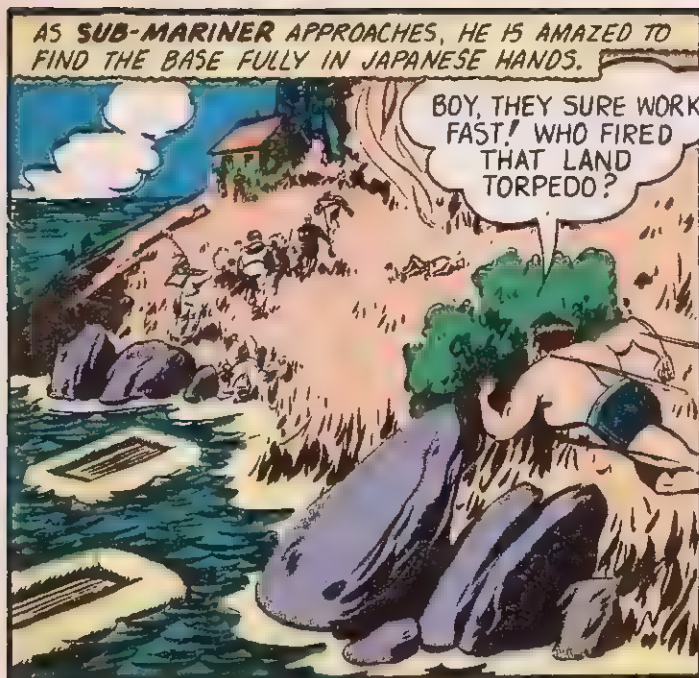
A **TORPEDO!** IT CAME FROM SHORE! **GREAT GUNS!** THOSE POOR GUYS!!

EVEN AS THE CUTTER PREPARES FOR BATTLE...

**BLAM!**

THEY DIDN'T HAVE A CHANCE! BUT HOW COME WE FIRED ON OUR OWN SHIPS?







NAMOR SCOUTS FOR THE U.S. CONVOY  
THE JAP'S WERE WAITING FOR.

WE SEEM TO BE  
OFF OUR COURSE,  
SIR.

GUESS I'M  
NOT TOO LATE,  
FOR ONCE.

THE FLOTILLA COMMANDER TELLS  
NAMOR SOMETHING WENT WRONG  
WITH THE SHIP'S NAVIGATION.

NEVER MIND THE COMPASS,  
CAPTAIN, I'LL STEER YOU RIGHT.

WE'LL TAKE YOUR ADVICE, NAMOR,  
BUT... WHERE ARE WE GOING?

YOU WERE HEADING  
STRAIGHT FOR THE  
ROCKS. NOW...  
FOLLOW ME!

FARTHER UP THE COAST, THE CONVOY ANCHORS,  
AND SUB-MARINER GOES ABOARD.

SAY, SUB-MARINER,  
WE'VE GOT A BOATLOAD  
OF SOLDIERS—  
ITCHING FOR A FIGHT.

LAND THEM!  
THEY'LL GET PLENTY  
OF ACTION, COMMANDER,  
RIGHT HERE!

IN FAST, PRECISION STYLE, AMPHIBIAN TANKS AND LANDING  
BARGES ARE OVER THE SIDE, AND AWAY.

NOW **WE** TAKE  
THEM BY  
SURPRISE!

AS OUR TASK FORCE LANDS...

OUR LOOKOUT REPORTS A  
JAP FLOTILLA OF LARGE  
SIZE STEAMING IN  
THIS DIRECTION.

SWELL!  
LET 'EM  
COME!

TRYING A BIT OF HIS OWN STRENGTH,  
**SUB-MARINER** HEADS FOR THE RADIO  
OUTPOST, WHICH APPEARS DESERTED.

DOWN THE COAST—WHERE  
THE TRAP IS! I WONDER  
ABOUT THESE POSSUMS'  
PLANS AND PATIENCE...



CAUTIOUSLY, NAMOR CREEPS UP TO THE WIRELESS SHACK.

OH-OH! I GET IT! THEY TAMPER WITH THE RADIO BEAM; SO AS TO THROW THE COMPASS OFF, AND PILE THE SHIPS UP ON THE ROCKS. CLEVER, THESE NIPPOS!

JUST THEN, AS THE JAP OPERATOR MOVES TO TURN OFF THE SET...

HOLD ON!  
DON'T BE SO  
HASTY!

MUSTN'T TOUCH THESE TRICKY AMERICAN RADIO BEAM SENDERS, "TOKKY"—YOU MIGHT ELECTROCUTE YOURSELF!... SO SORRY!

SUB-MARINER GRABS FOR AN AMERICAN MACHINE GUN.

MAY I GIVE YOU A GUN DEMONSTRATION, GENTLEMEN?

WITH A SINGLE BURST, HE CLEANS OUT THE SHACK!

NOT INTERESTED IN THE LATEST AMERICAN PERSUADER? SO SORRY!

A WELCOME SIGHT ON THE HORIZON!

AND I THOUGHT YOU NIPPOS DID LIKE THINGS "MADE IN U.S."- LIKE FOOD... REMEMBER? HERE'S ANOTHER U.S. PRODUCT. HOW DO YOU LIKE THIS?

THE FLEEING JAPS ARE TRAPPED AND ANNIHILATED ON THE SHORE AS THE AMERICAN TASK FORCE SWEEPS DOWN FROM THE HILLS.

I WONDER HOW THE NIPS LIKE OUR AMERICAN BRAND OF FIGHTING!

HOIST THE NAVY  
BATTLE FLAG!

Chalk up  
Another Victory

FOR

Sub-Mariner!

THE ONE  
AND ONLY **E**  
(MEANING "EXCELLENT")  
IN THE COMIC LINE-UP.  
EVERY ISSUE OF

**MARVEL** COMICS



# THE SUCKER

By CIFO UTHBERT

"YIP-EEEEEE!" the young cowboy shouted as he entered the large lobby of Mid-City Hotel. He waved his suitcase in the air, then tap danced, in high-heeled boots, on the heavy carpet flooring as he whistled the first two lines of, "Sweet Rosie O'Grady."

The clerk behind the desk was startled. The hotel manager looked on with indignation, and the bell boy was amused.

But all three smiled pleasantly when the cowboy, who looked to be hardly more than a boy, took a fat roll of money from his pocket, and said, "I want a room, one that's got a bath tub in it with runnin' hot water."

"Yes, sir," the clerk said, turning the register book and holding forth a pen, "sign here, please."

"Luke Yocum, Shotgun, Wyoming!" the cowboy said as he scribbled across the page.

The bell boy eagerly picked up the suitcase that Luke had flopped on the floor. He took the key from the clerk and said, "This way, please."

"Four," the bell boy told the elevator operator.

Luke smiled at the bell boy, "What can a feller do for excitement in a big city?" he asked.

The boy's eyes sparkled, "There's lots of ways to enjoy yourself," he said.

They got off the elevator at the fourth floor and the bell boy led Luke to his room.

"You wouldn't like to try your hand at a game, would you, Mister," the boy asked, "—for big stakes?"

"Lead me to it!" Luke cried, "I'm the rootin' tootin'est poker

player in all Wyoming!"

"I'll let you know later if there is going to be a game upstairs this afternoon."

Luke peeled a five dollar bill off his roll, crumbled it in his hand and shot it like a spit ball to the bell boy.

The boy grabbed it out of the air, saluted Luke, then hastened from the room. He rushed to the stairway and ran up the steps to the fifth floor. He was gasping for breath as he gave the door of room 511 three sharp raps.

Mike Brady opened the door. Brady was tall, and his well tailored clothing would have given him the appearance of a gentleman, if it weren't for the knife scar across his left cheek, and the hard, cruel lines about his mouth.

"I've got a sucker for you," the bell boy said excitedly, "he's got a bankroll that will make your eyes pop out, and he's itching to get rid of some of it."

"What's he look like?"

"Just a cowboy from Wyoming, name's Luke Yocum."

Brady rubbed his hands together greedily, "Bring him up at about three o'clock," he said, "I'll have a couple of the boys here with me then."

It was a few minutes after three, when the bell boy ushered Luke into the presence of Mike Brady and his two friends, then left.

Brady was pleased at the sight of Luke. He introduced the other two men as Joe and Alex, then said, "I'll take your hat."

"No thanks," Luke told him, "I always wear it when I play poker—it brings me luck."

Luke appeared eager to get the game started. But he didn't fail to notice the bulges about the left shoulders of the three men.

Luke placed his wad of money on the table as the men chose their seats. The men exchanged lustful glances.

"We play with chips," Brady told him, "you pay off — er — I mean the losers pay off after the

game is finished."

Alex dealt the cards first. Luke watched his deft fingers shuffle the cards and then flip them around the table.

Luke won the first and the third hands.

"You're a pretty lucky guy," Joe said.

Luke only smiled as he picked up the first card that Brady tossed to him. Crooked card sharks were like that. They'd let you win a few hands to give you confidence, and to make you think that the game was being played fair . . . he saw Brady deal himself an ace from the bottom of the deck . . . he looked at the handle of Brady's gun sticking out from behind the lapel of his coat. He clamped his lips shut.

Luke became a consistent loser. Brady usually won with aces, Joe with Kings, and Alex with Queens. All three were experts in handling the marked deck of cards—and in extracting and replacing cards from and to their coat sleeves.

Stack after stack of chips vanished from in front of Luke. "Five hundred dollars gone already," he told himself.

"You're losin' your luck, feller," Joe smiled.

Luck! Luke winced at the word.

This was plain robbery!

Luke pushed back his chair and stood up. "Count me out for a hand or two," he said, "maybe I'll get lucky when I start again." He walked to the window, and fanned himself with his big Stetson hat.

"This guy is easy pickin'," They smiled and pretended to be interested in the game while they waited for Luke to return.

When Luke sat down at the table again, he picked up the cards and said, "Let me deal them—for luck. We'll make this hand a big one."

He shuffled the cards clumsily and dealt them. The men began to raise each other. The center



of the table became a mass of chips.

Breathlessly, Luke slid his hands toward his boot top. He reached his fingers inside and pulled out some cards. He switched them quickly for the ones that he had dealt himself.

Brady smiled as the hands were called. "Four aces," he said reaching for the chips.

"Wait!" Luke exclaimed, spreading five aces on the table.

Brady jumped to his feet, "There ain't no nine aces in a deck of cards," he snapped, "you cheated!"

"I only did what you fellers have been doin'," Luke pleaded.

Brady nodded his head at his companions, "This guy is wise to us," he said, "you know what we've got to do with him."

"Yeah," Alex answered, "we'll let the cops fish him out of the river like we did with the other two guys that squawked."

Suddenly, Luke upset the table scattering the men on the floor. He picked up a chair and flung it as Brady brought his gun from the holster. The chair thudded against Brady's chest, he flattened on the floor releasing his hold on the gun.

Alex lumbered to his feet and stuck his gun into Luke's back. "Get up," he exclaimed, "or I'll blow you apart!"

Luke twisted suddenly and grabbed at Alex's wrist. Alex pulled away, then brought the gun barrel down onto the side of Luke's head.

"All right, tough guy, get up and get moving," Alex told Luke. Luke was wobbly as he got to his feet.

They took him down the freight elevator at the back of the hotel, and out into a small street, then they shoved him into an automobile at the curb.

"Where are you taking me to?" Luke demanded as the car leaped forward.

Brady laughed. "They say drowning is an easy death," he

said, "we're going to let you find out whether it is or not."

The car raced through heavy traffic, then turned toward the waterfront. It stopped alongside a dingy warehouse that bordered the river. Luke was hustled inside.

"Get the rope and lead weight," Brady told Alex.

Brady waved his gun menacingly, "If I have to use this gun," he snapped, "I'll put a bullet right between your eyes."

Luke dropped his hands. He couldn't argue with a gun. He permitted himself to be tied without a struggle, then Alex took the roll of money from his pocket. Alex started to count the bills, but stopped abruptly.

"Hey," he shouted, "this is a phony roll, there are a couple of good bills on top—and the rest is play money like the kids play with!"

Brady snatched the roll and examined it hastily, "The dirty crook," he said, "pick him up and carry him to the back door, we'll get rid of him and get away from here."

Joe grabbed Luke's shoulders and Alex his feet. Luke shuddered as the floor creaked under their weight.

Suddenly, the front door opened and — Captain Mircher and his Homicide Squad men rushed into the warehouse.

Joe and Alex let Luke drop to the floor and started to reach for their guns.

Brady fired a shot at the detectives—a hat flew off one of their heads. Captain Mircher's gun barked a reply. Brady slumped to the floor a bullet in his chest.

Joe and Alex turned yellow; nervously they raised their hands.

Captain Mircher then rushed to Luke and untied him.

"For a while, Captain," Luke said, "I thought that you hadn't seen my signal at the window of the hotel—and that my goose was cooked."

"I couldn't miss seeing that big

hat," Captain Mircher smiled, "we followed you here, like we planned, but waited to let this gang play their hand."

Alex stared at Luke, "Ain't this guy a cowboy?" he asked.

"Cowboy! I should say not. He's the police rookie that figured you guys murdered the two men we got out of the river—and he just proved it." Captain Mircher placed his hand on Luke's shoulder, "From now on," he said, "you're a full fledged member of the Homicide Squad."

## THE END

### STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933

of All Winners Comics published quarterly at  
Meriden, Conn., for October 1 1942  
State of New York  
County of New York

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Martin Goodman, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the publisher of the All Winners Comics and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1 That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:  
Publisher, U.S.A. Comic Magazine Corp., 33 W. 42nd St., N.Y., N.Y.; Editor Stan Lee, 330 W. 42nd St., N.Y., N.Y.; Managing Editor, Martin Goodman, 330 W. 42nd St., N.Y., N.Y.; Business Manager, Abraham Goodman, 330 W. 42nd St., N.Y., N.Y.

2 That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.)  
U.S.A. Comic Magazine Corp., 330 W. 42nd St., N.Y., N.Y. Martin Goodman, 330 W. 42nd St., N.Y., N.Y.

3 That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.)  
None.

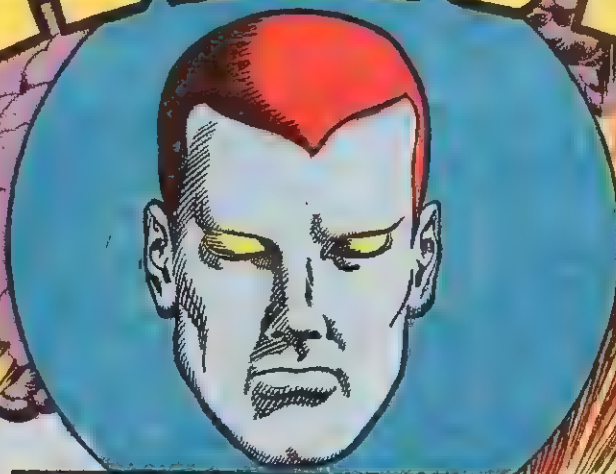
4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given, also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds or other securities than as so stated by him.

(Signed) MARTIN GOODMAN.  
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 17th day of September, 1942.

(SEAL) REGINA N GERBER.  
(My commission expires, March 30, 1944.)



# The DESTROYER



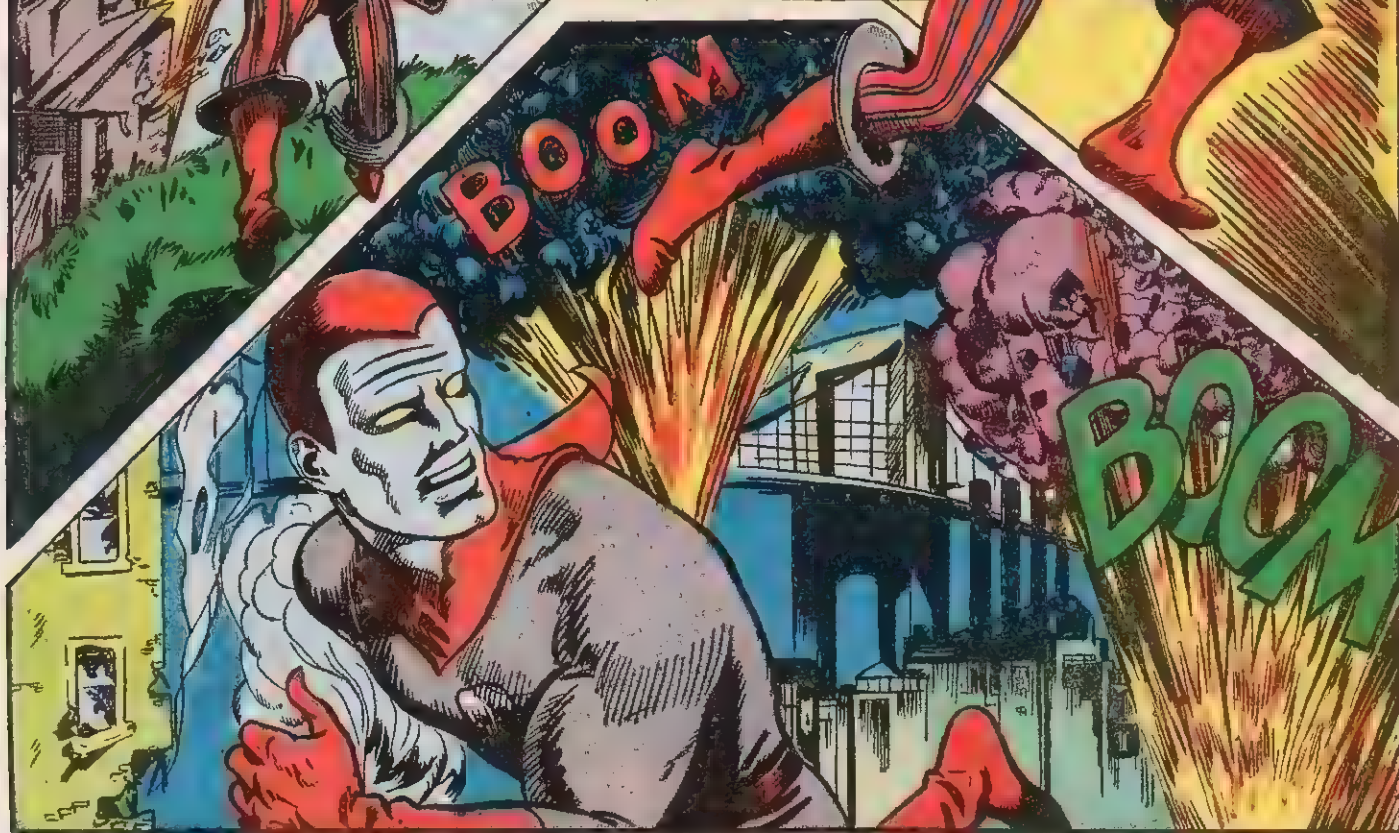
BOOM

BOOM

BEWARE, MIGHTY DESTROYER!  
THE DREAD GESTAPO DRAGNET  
IS OUT FOR YOU-AND THE NAZIS  
THIRST FOR YOUR BLOOD!  
IT IS YOUR LIFE OR THEIRS..  
..SO, IF YOU STRIKE,  
STRIKE HARD!

BOOM

BOOM





THE OFFICE OF THE HIGH COMMAND IN BERLIN..

SWITZERLAND  
MUST BECOME  
PART OF OUR  
NEW ORDER!  
VE ATTACK  
AT VUNCE!

VUN MOMENT, HERR  
GENERAL!

JA, COLONEL  
SCHUTTER!



BEFORE VE CAN  
DO DOT, VE MUST  
BE CERTAIN  
DER DESTROYER  
VILL NOT  
INTERFERE  
MIT OUR  
PLANS!



VE MUST TRAP  
DER DESTROYER...  
FOR GOOD  
DIS TIME!

SUPPOSE VE START A RUMOR DOT  
VE ARE GOING TO INVADÉ ENGLAND  
AT DOVER? DOT VILL BRING DER  
DESTROYER PERE UND  
VE GEDT HIM!



A  
GOOT  
IDEA!

LATER..

DIS ISS ONLY BETWEEN  
DER TWO OF US! IN  
A FEW DAYS VE  
INVADÉ  
ENGLAND!



NOBODY KNOWS ABOUT  
IT YET.. BUT VE  
ATTACK DOVER  
NEXT!



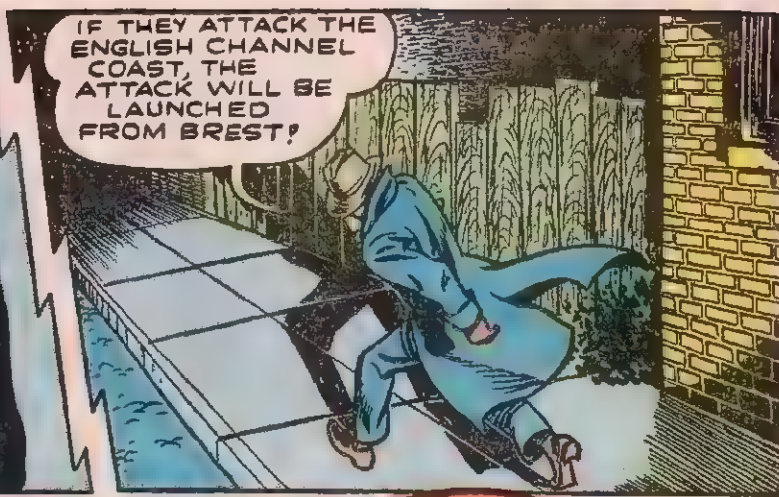
HAFF YOU  
HEARD.. DER  
INVASION OF  
ENGLAND  
ISS ABOUTD  
TO BEGIN!





THE FOLLOWING EVENING, A STRANGE FIGURE HEARS THE RUMOR!

JA! ENGLAND'S TIME HAS COME! I GODT IT FROM DER CHIEF!



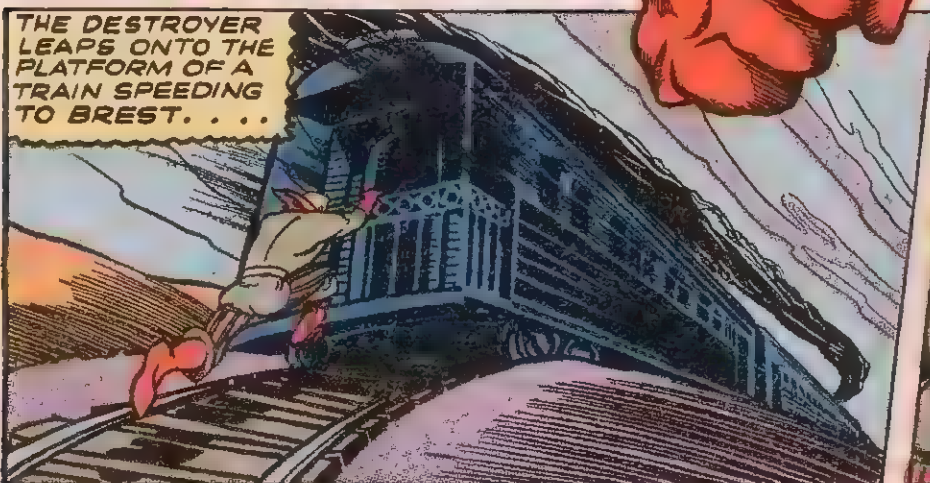
IF THEY ATTACK THE ENGLISH CHANNEL COAST, THE ATTACK WILL BE LAUNCHED FROM BREST!



BUT THEY DO NOT KNOW THAT THE DESTROYER WILL HAVE SOMETHING TO SAY ABOUT THAT!



I'LL GO TO BREST AND HAVE MYSELF CAPTURED BY THE GESTAPO! THEN I'LL FIND OUT JUST WHAT THEY'RE UP TO!



THE DESTROYER LEAPS ONTO THE PLATFORM OF A TRAIN SPEEDING TO BREST. . .

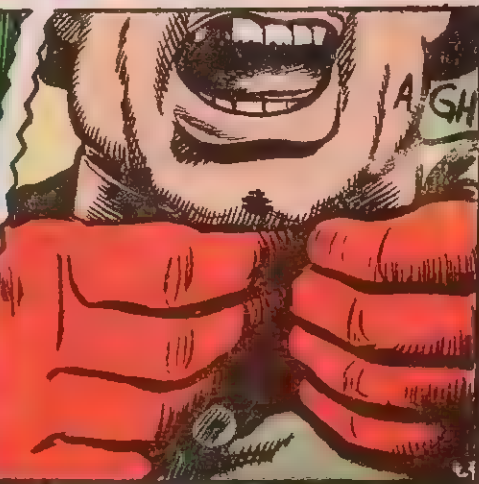


IN BREST, THE DESTROYER SEEKS OUT GERMAN MILITARY HEADQUARTERS!

THIS IS IT ALL RIGHT! NOW TO GET IN!

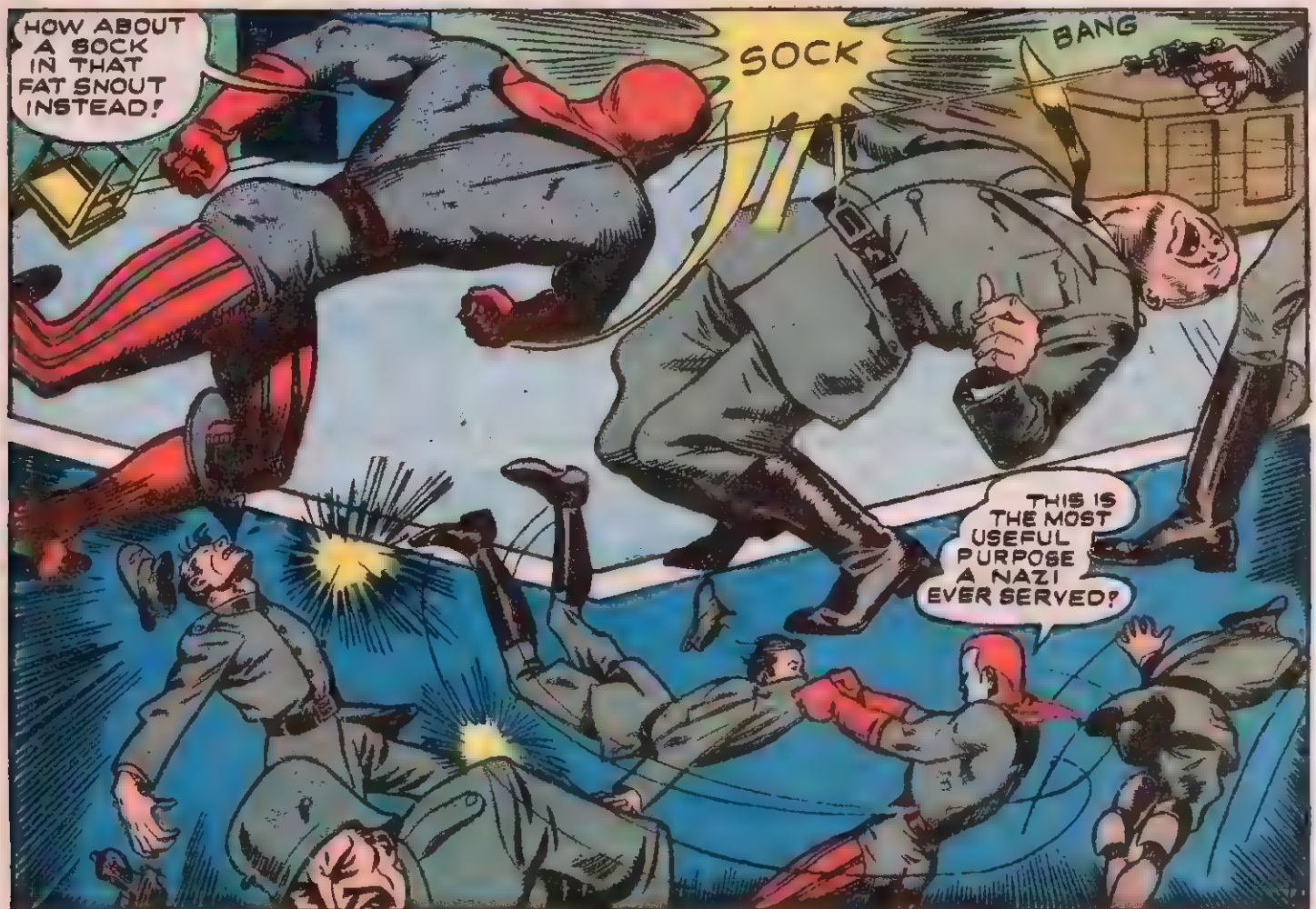
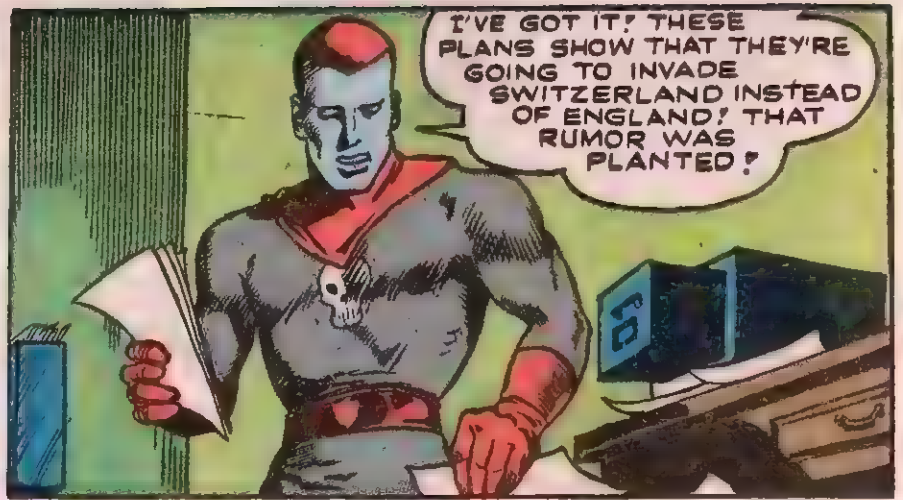


HERE'S ONE GERMAN SENTRY WHO HAS WALKED HIS LAST POST!

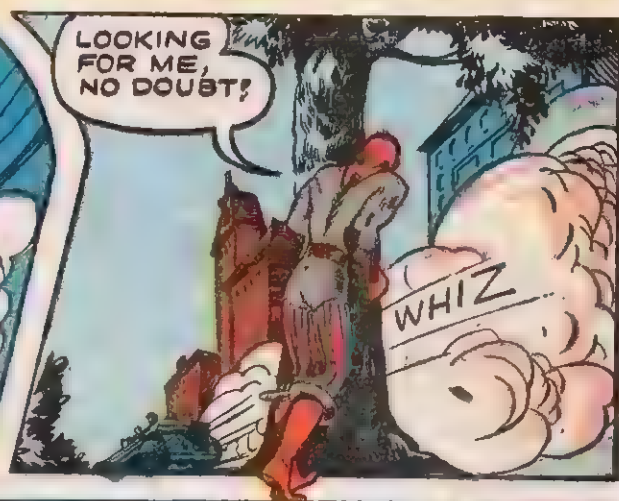
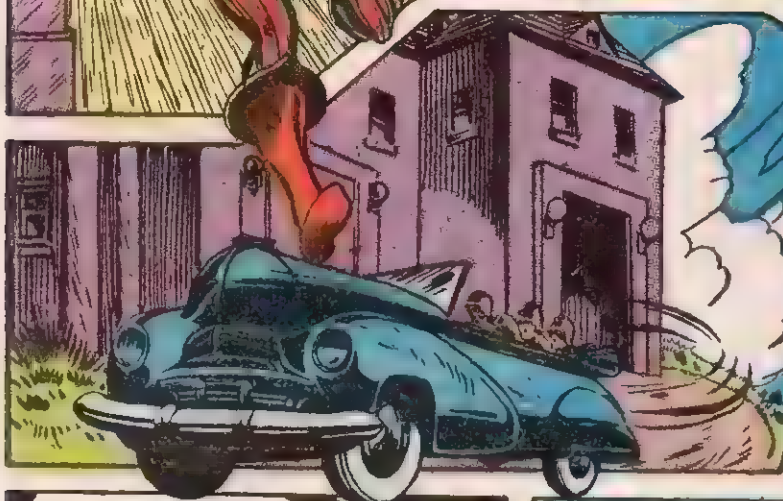
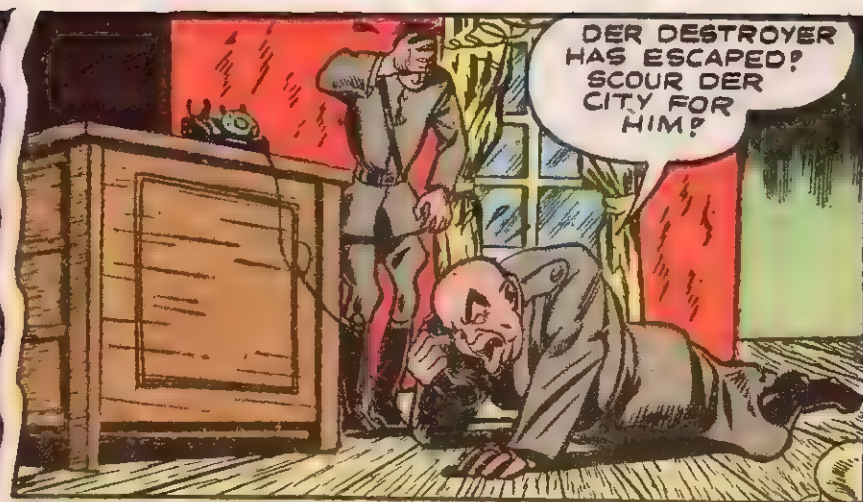
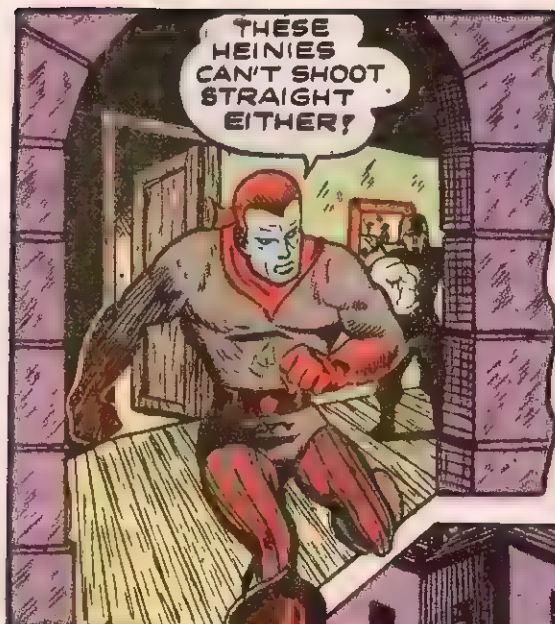


A SH

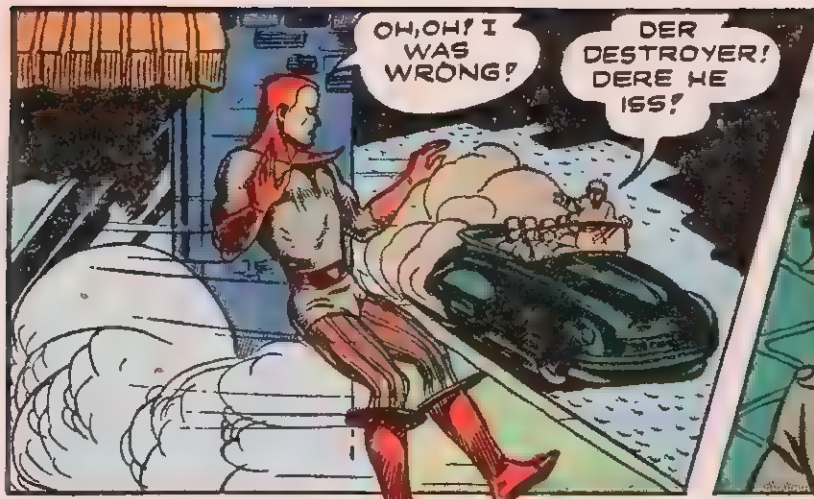










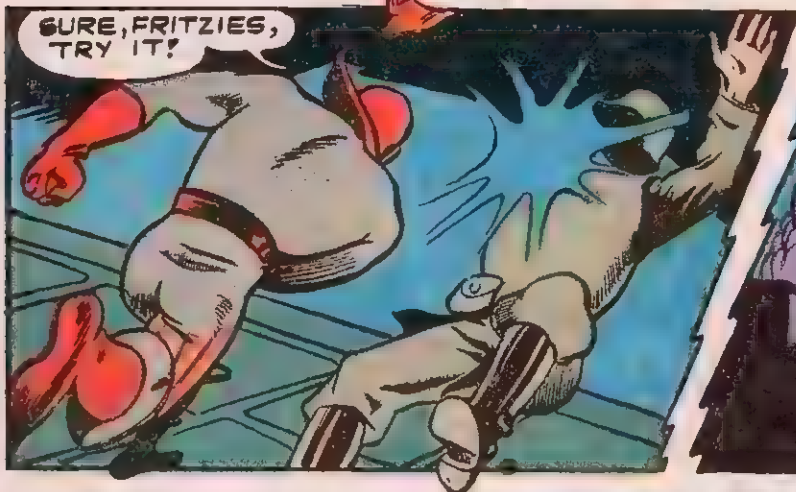


OH, OH! I  
WAS  
WRONG!

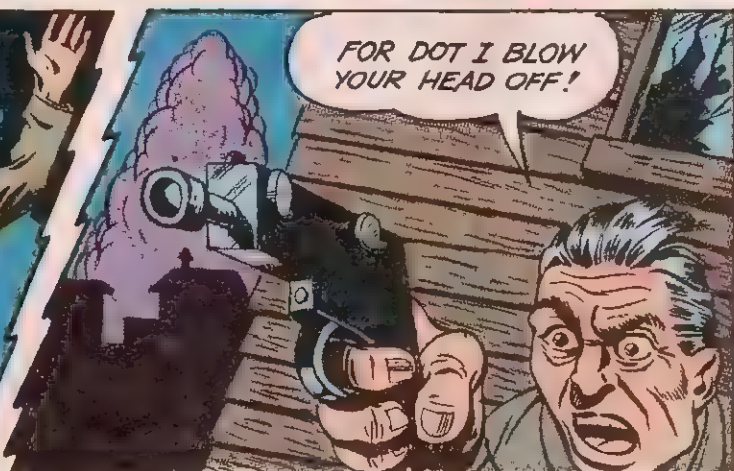
DER  
DESTROYER!  
DERE HE  
ISS?



GEDT  
HIM!



SURE, FRITZIES,  
TRY IT!



FOR DOT I BLOW  
YOUR HEAD OFF!



DROP DOT DING-BUSTED  
PISTOL, HANS? I DISTINCTLY  
GAVE ORDERS NOT TO  
SHOOT!



IF VE  
KILL HIM  
NOW, VE  
MAY NEFER  
FIND DER  
PLANS!



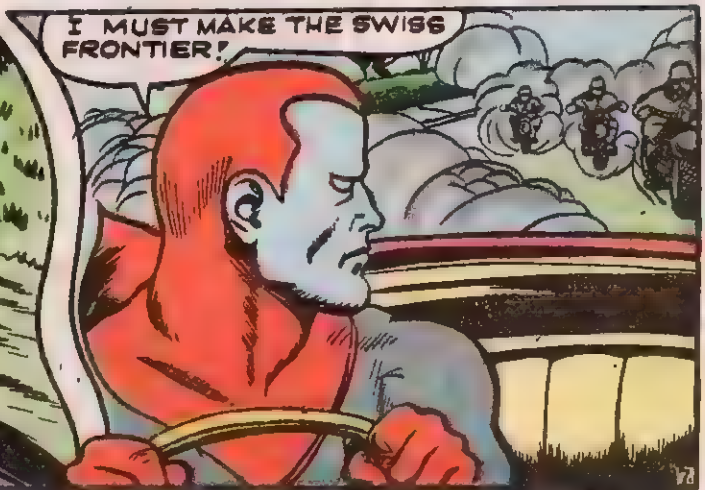
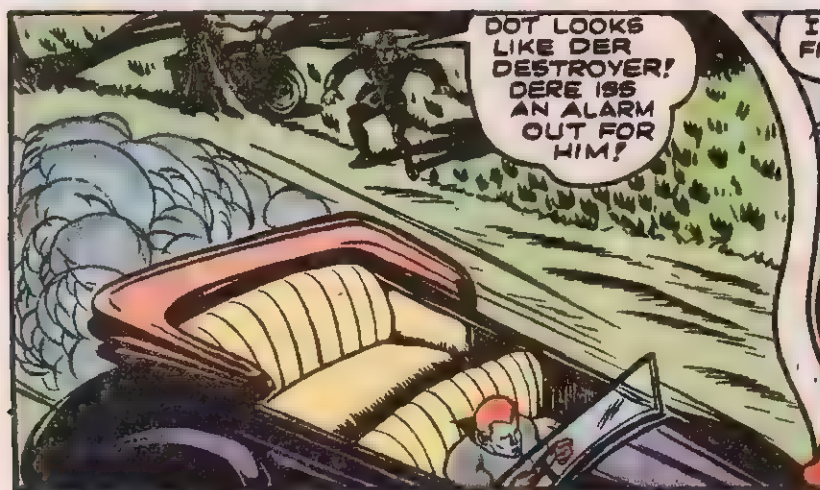
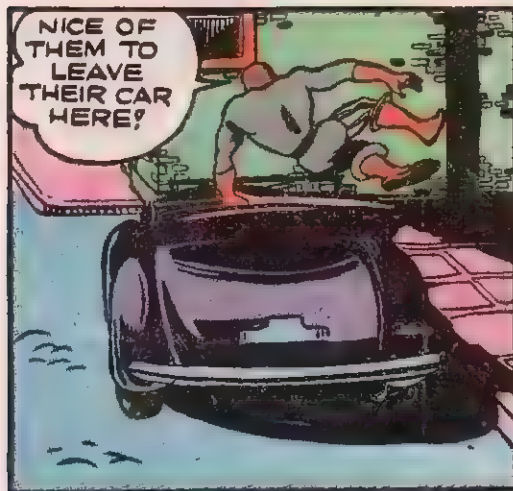
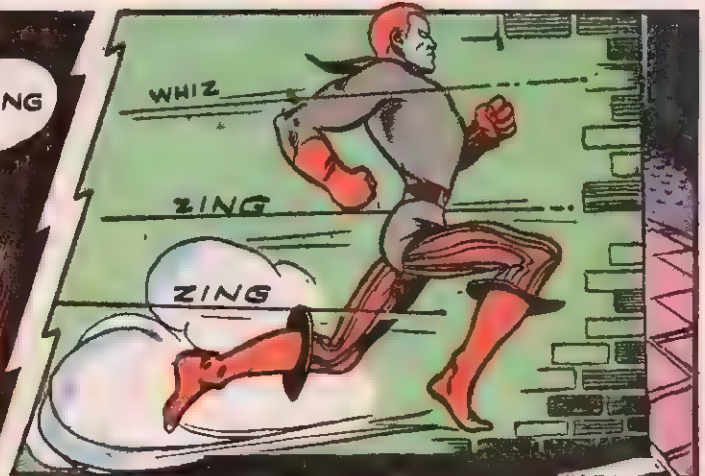
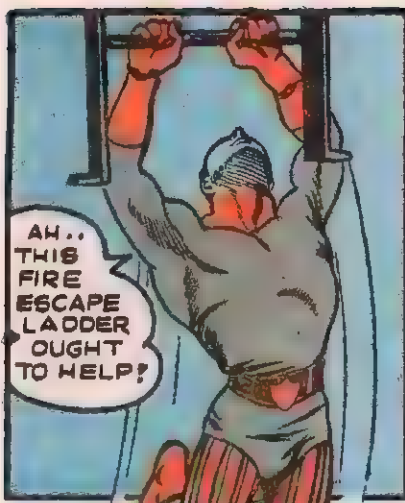
HE VENT  
DIS VAY!

GOOT? VE  
HAFF HIM  
CORNERED  
IN A BLIND  
ALLEY!

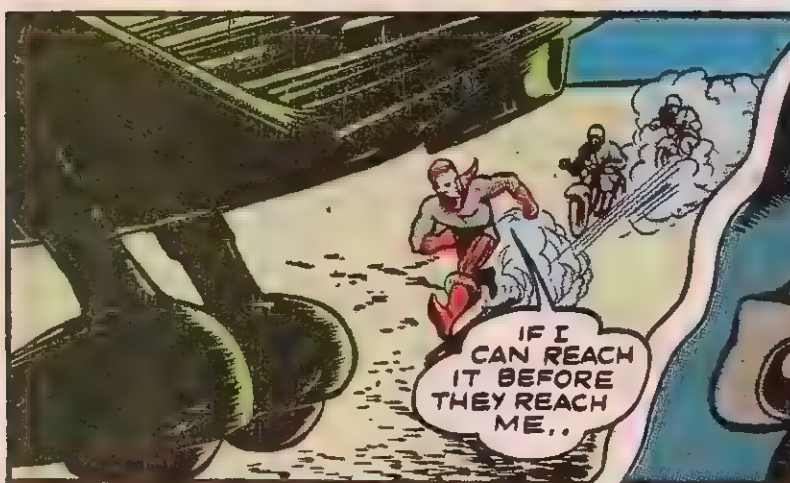
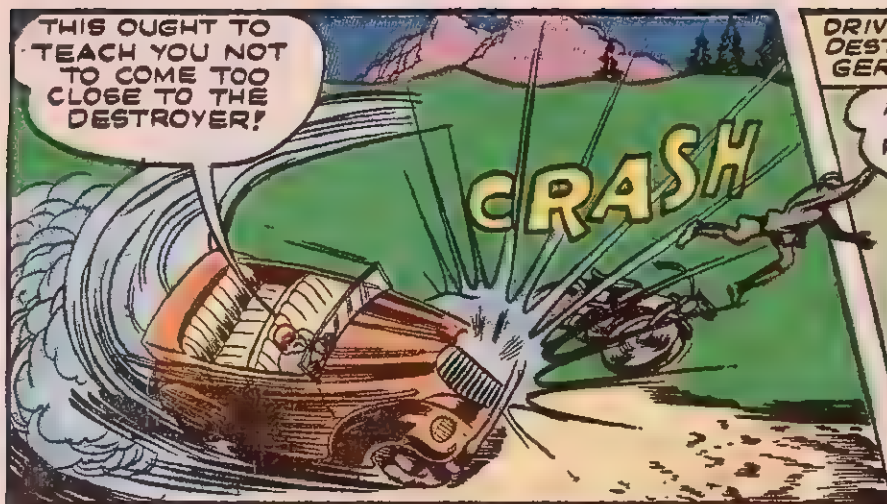


HMM... QUITE A  
FEW OF YOU,  
AREN'T  
THERE?







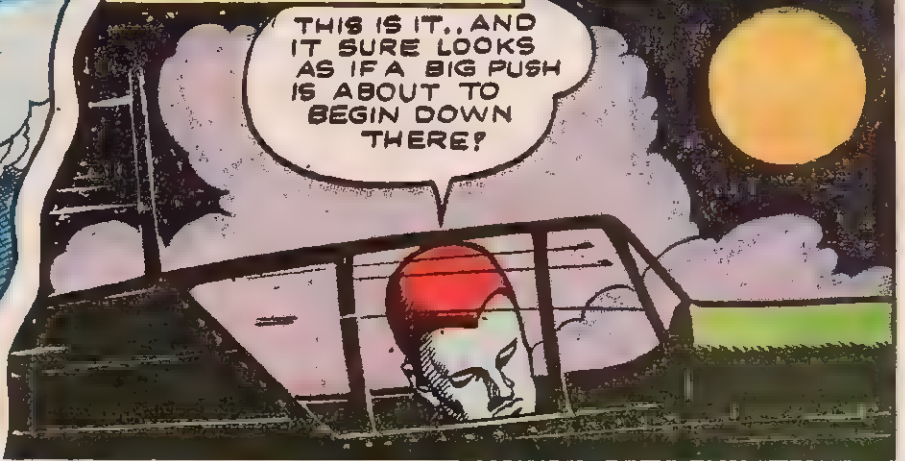




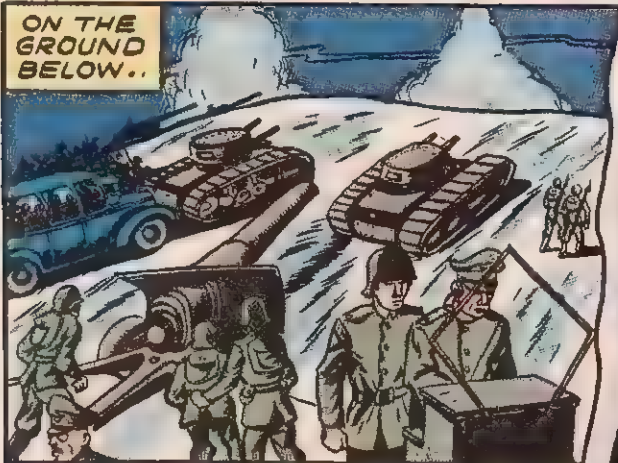
THE DESTROYER WINGS HIS WAY,  
TOWARD THE SWISS BORDER!



AND AS NIGHT FALLS..

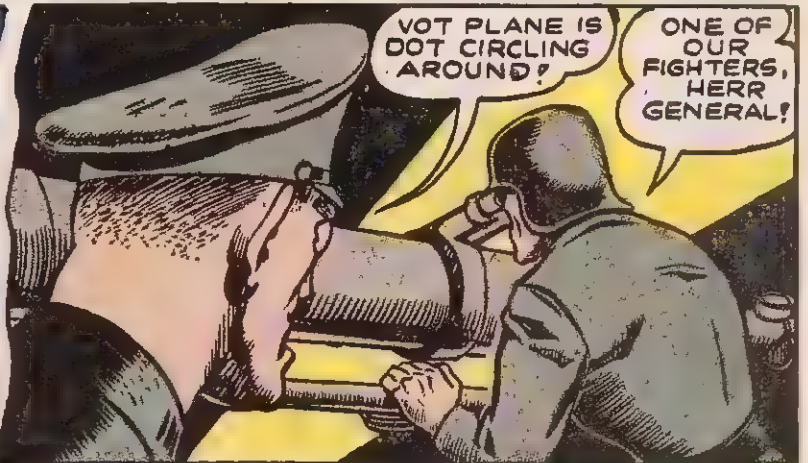


ON THE  
GROUND  
BELOW..



VOT PLANE IS  
DOT CIRCLING  
AROUND?

ONE OF  
OUR  
FIGHTERS,  
HERR  
GENERAL!



SUDDENLY..



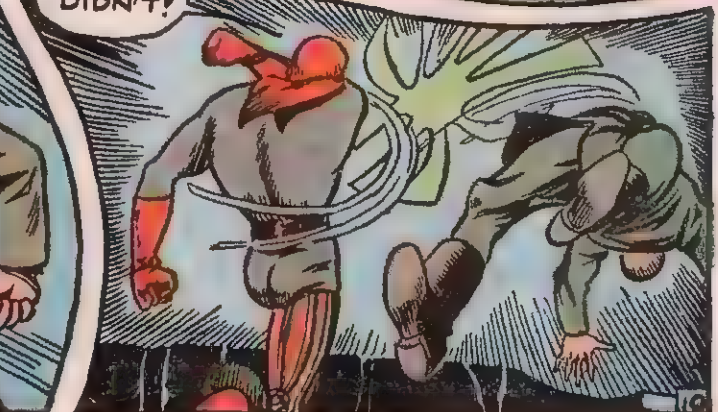
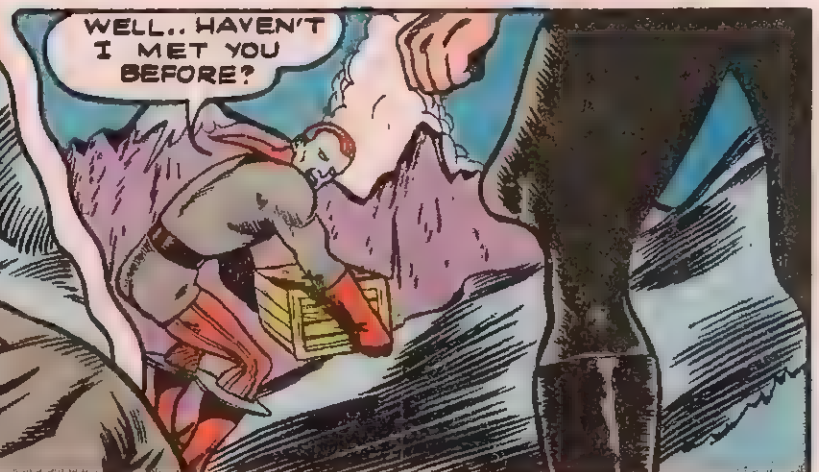
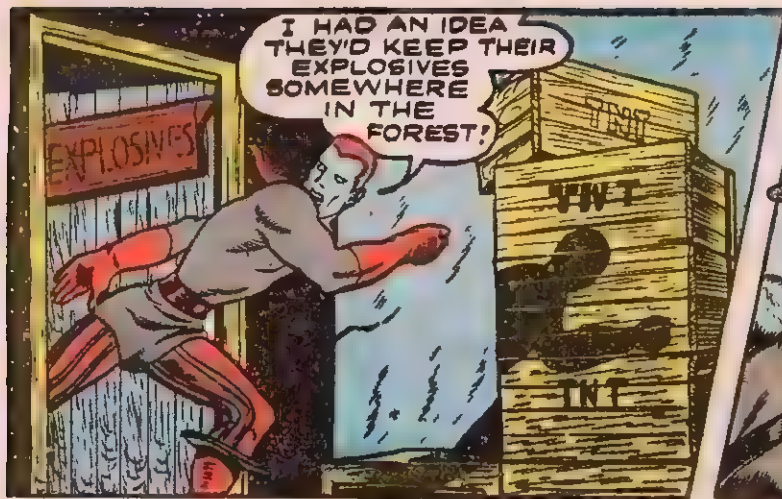
HIS AMMUNITION SPENT,  
THE DESTROYER LANDS  
IN A NEARBY WOOD.



HOLY  
HANNAH!  
TANKS  
ON SKIS?



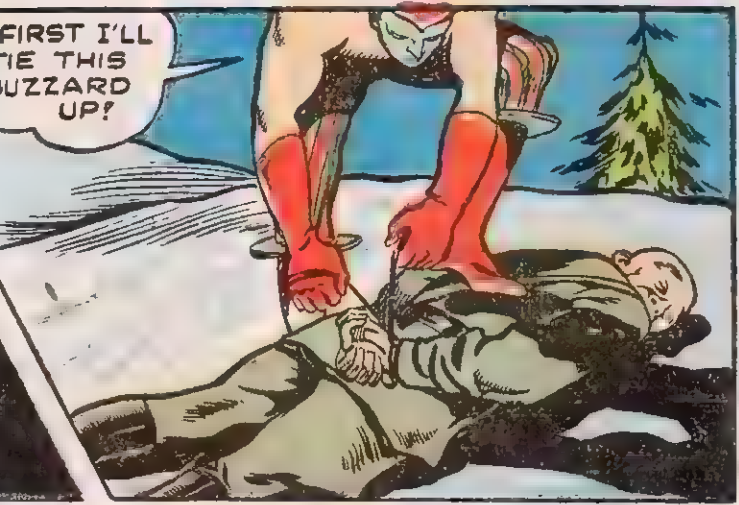




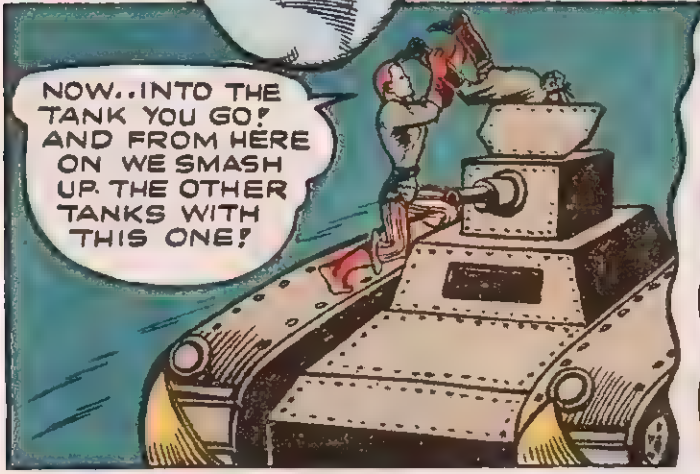




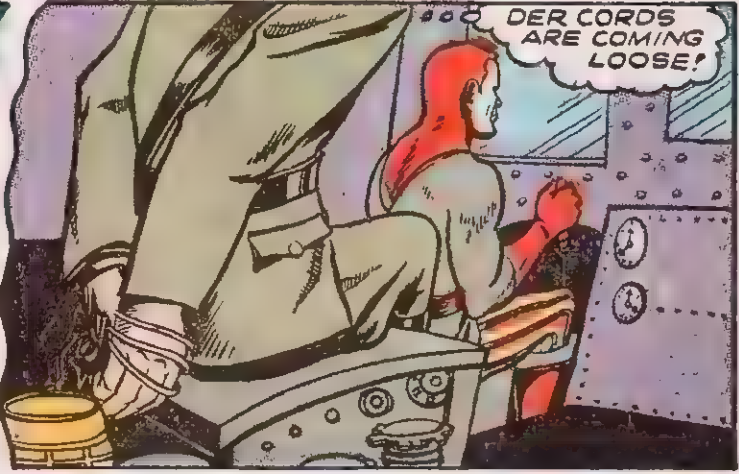
I THINK I HAVE A MORE PRACTICAL PLAN!



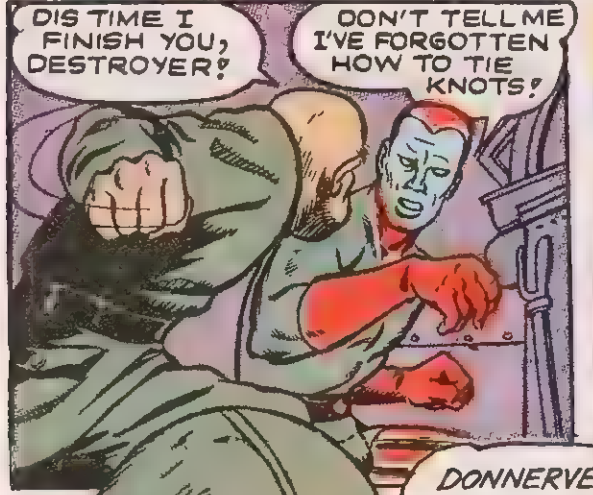
FIRST I'LL TIE THIS BUZZARD UP!



NOW..INTO THE TANK YOU GO! AND FROM HERE ON WE SMASH UP THE OTHER TANKS WITH THIS ONE!



DER CORDS ARE COMING LOOSE!



DIS TIME I FINISH YOU, DESTROYER!

DON'T TELL ME I'VE FORGOTTEN HOW TO TIE KNOTS!



AS THE DESTROYER AND THE NAZI LOCK IN A DEATH STRUGGLE, THE TANK CAREENS CRAZILY DOWN THE SIDE OF A HILL!



DONNERVETTER! ONE OF DER TANKS IS RUNNING AWAY! VE MUST CATCH IT!

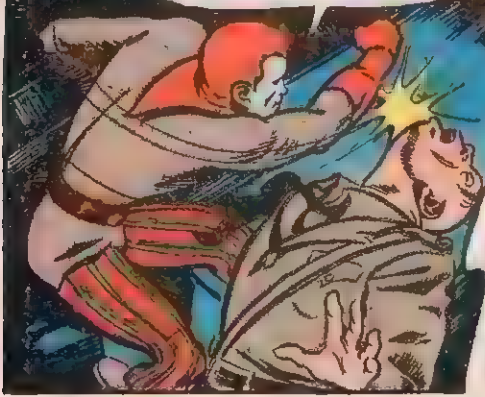


A MASS OF TANKS PURSUE THE RUNAWAY IN A MAD CHASE..

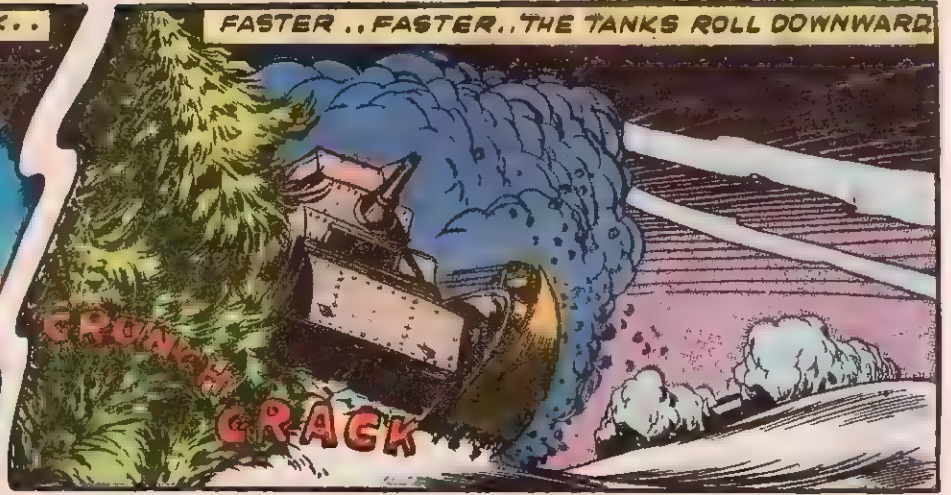


INSIDE THE DESTROYER'S TANK..

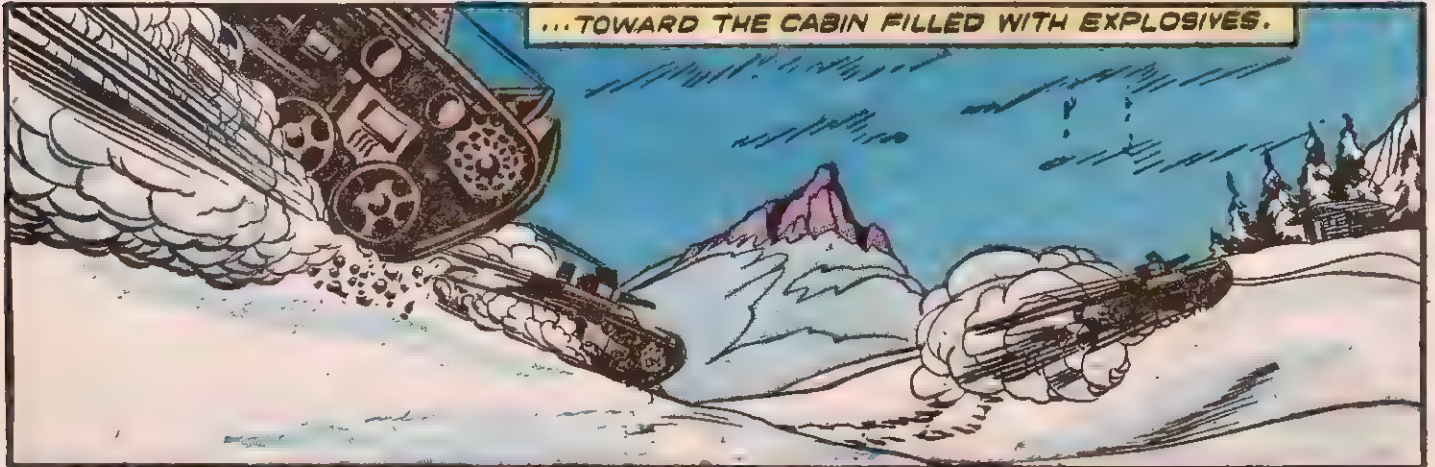
THIS TIME I THINK  
YOU'LL STAY PUT!



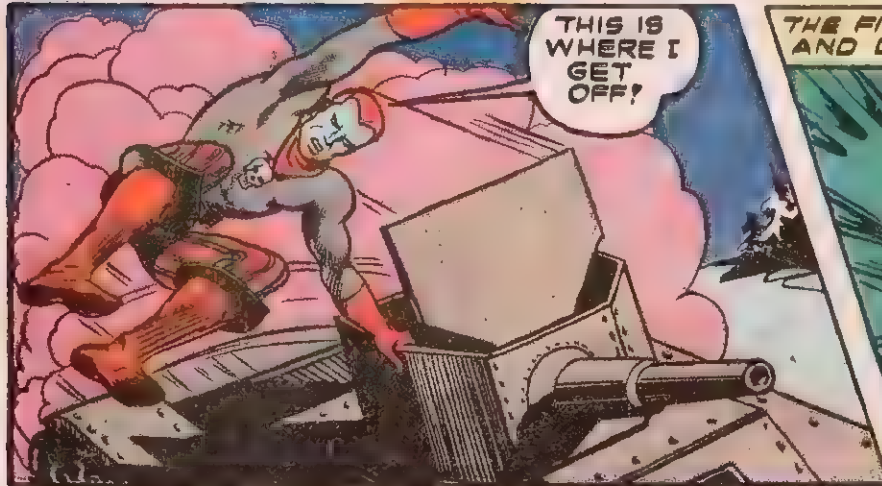
FASTER .. FASTER .. THE TANKS ROLL DOWNWARD



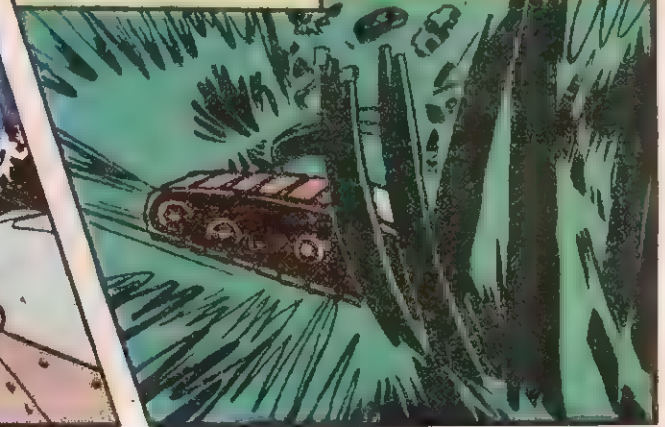
...TOWARD THE CABIN FILLED WITH EXPLOSIVES.



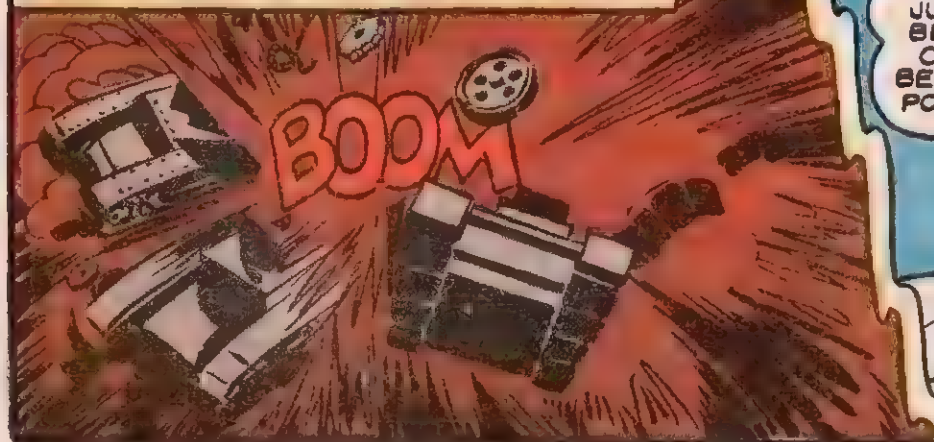
THIS IS  
WHERE I  
GET  
OFF!



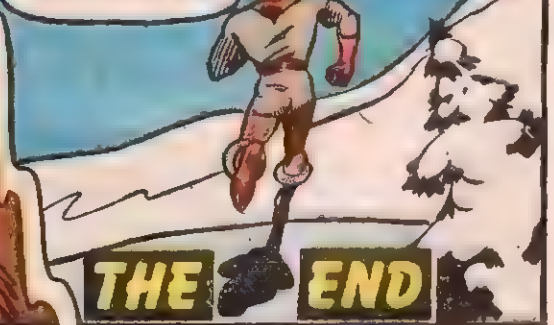
THE FIRST TANK CRASHES INTO THE CABIN..  
AND DEATH..



THE OTHERS FOLLOW TO THE SAME FATE..

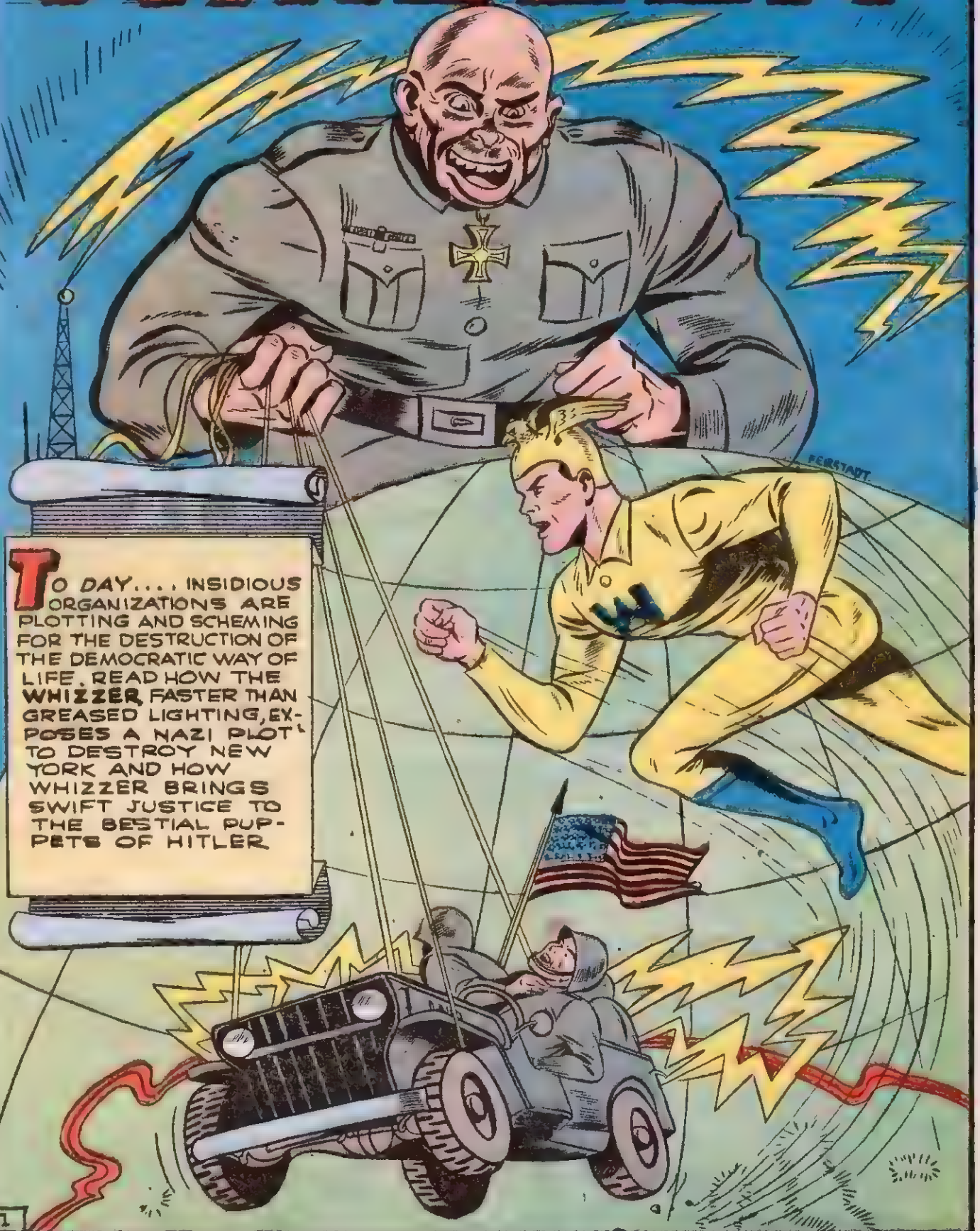


AFTER THE LOSSES THEY'VE  
JUST SUFFERED, IT'S A SAFE  
BET THAT ANY INVASION  
OF SWITZERLAND WILL  
BE INDEFINITELY  
POSTPONED?





# THE WHIZZER



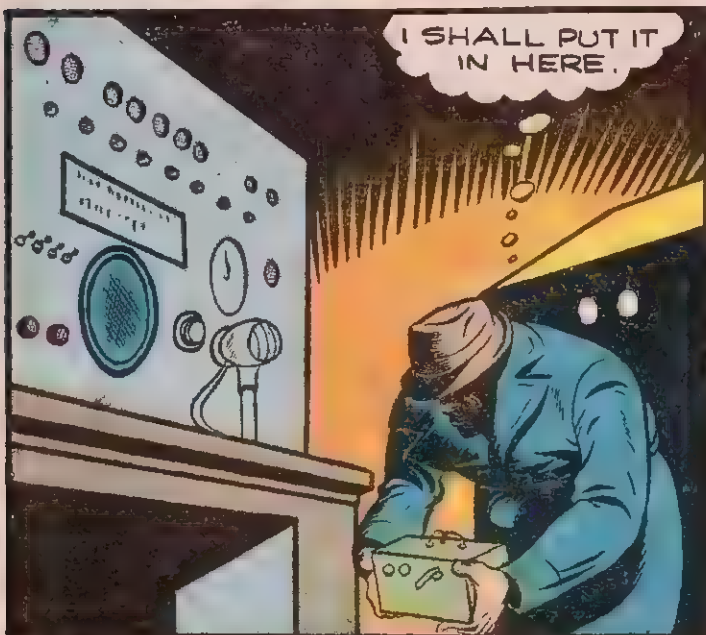
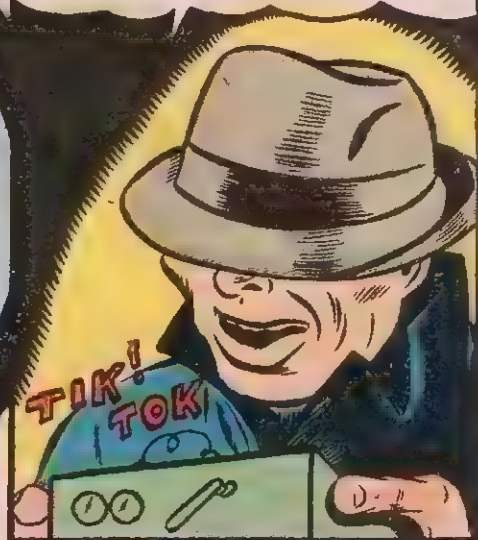




OUR STORY OPENS AT THE THOS RADIO RELAY STATION. THE TIME IS LATE AT NIGHT AND THE ONLY SOUL PRESENT IS THE NIGHT WATCHMAN, "SLOW MOTION" JONES, FEARLESS RIGHT-HAND MAN OF THE WHIZZER!



THE FATHERLAND WILL BE VERY PLEASED WITH TO-NIGHT'S WORK! NOW TO SET THIS BOMB FOR THREE MINUTES



I SHALL PUT IT IN HERE.



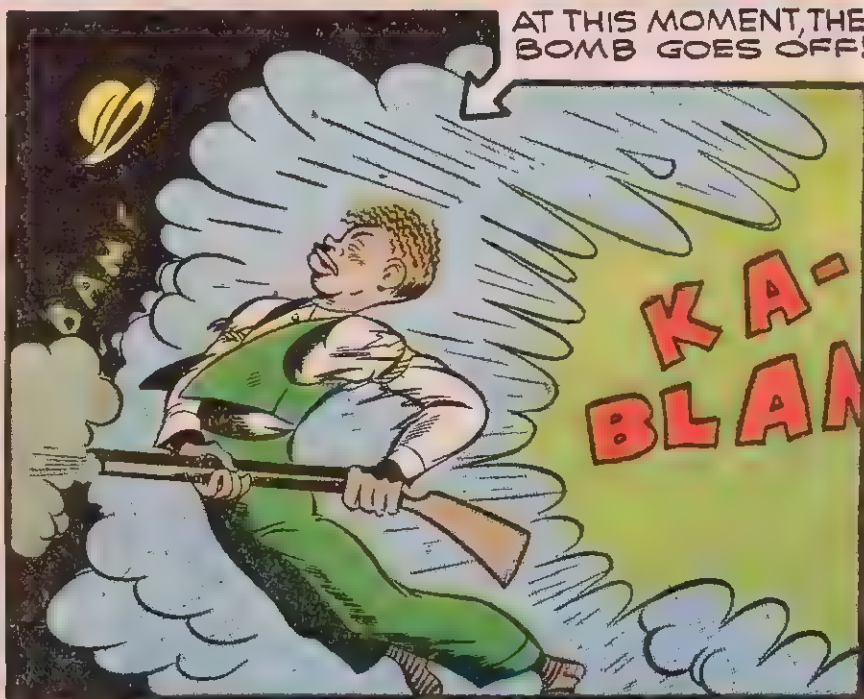
W-WHO'S DERE!?

Meanwhile "SLOW MOTION" JONES HAS NOT BEEN NAPPING!



XYZ  
\* \* ! ! ? ?

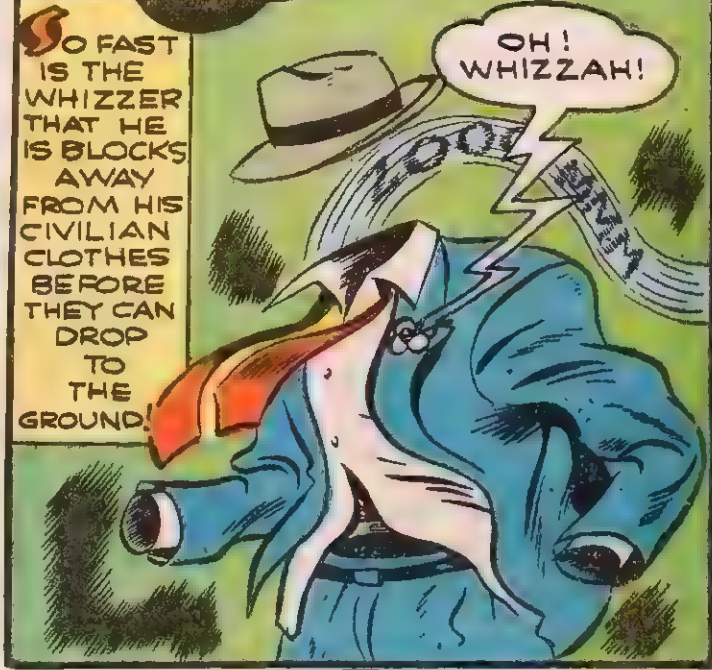
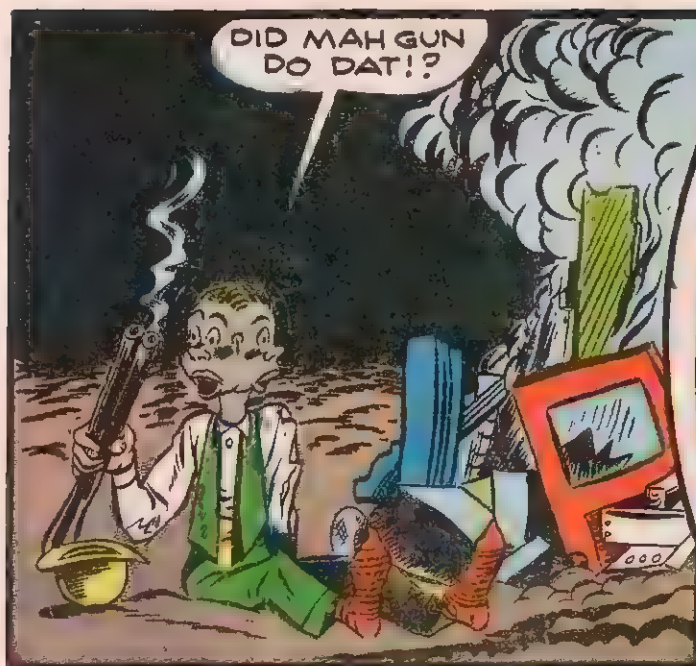
STOP  
OR I'LL  
SHOOT!



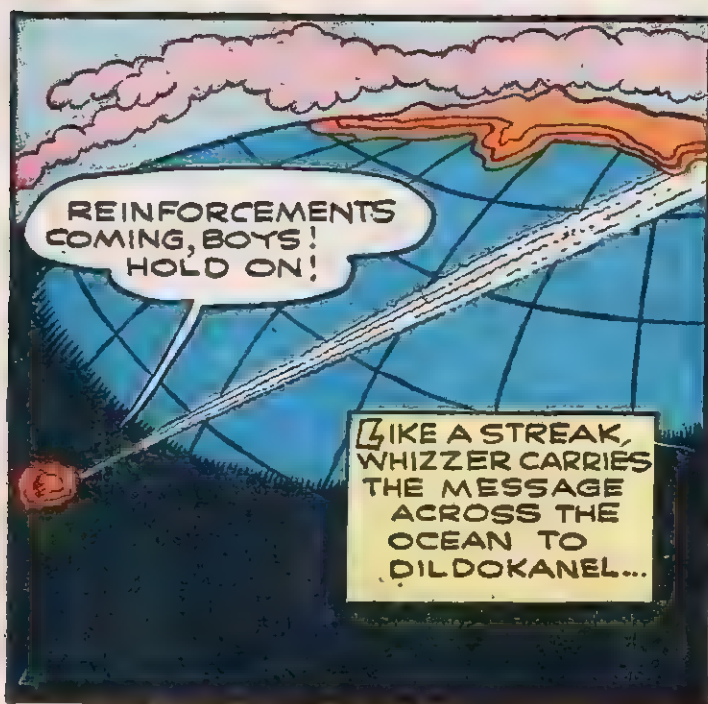
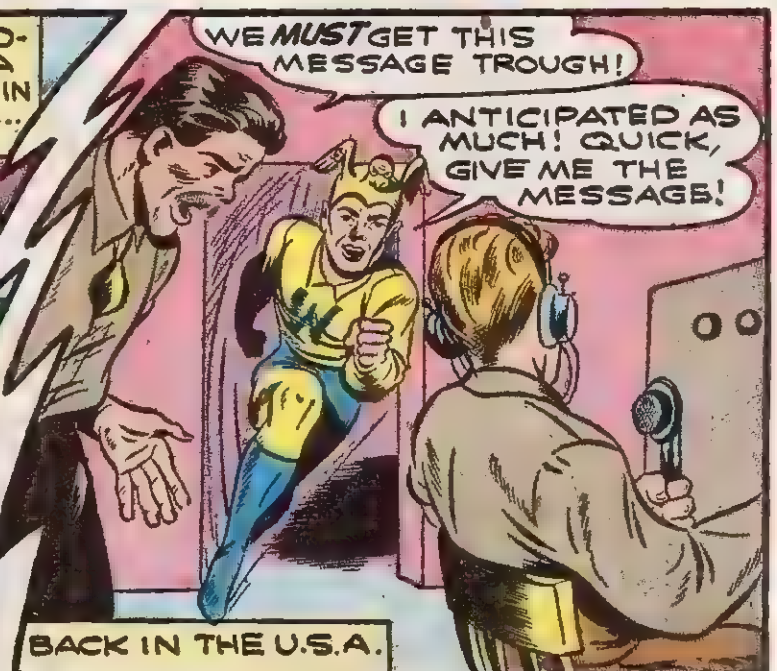
AT THIS MOMENT, THE BOMB GOES OFF!

KA-  
BLAM

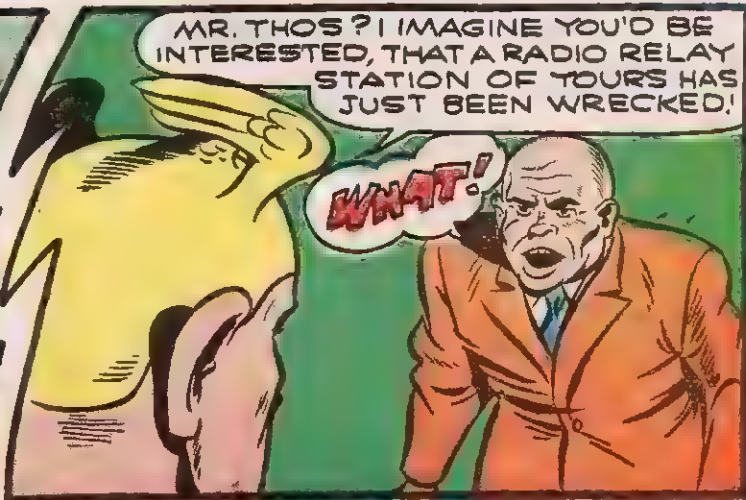
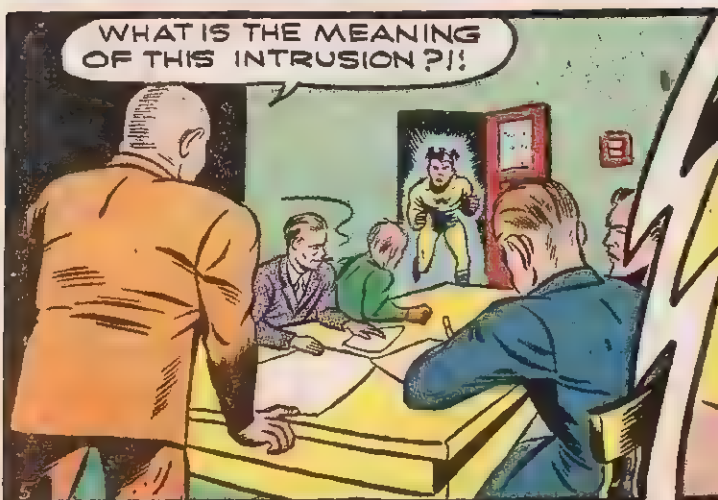
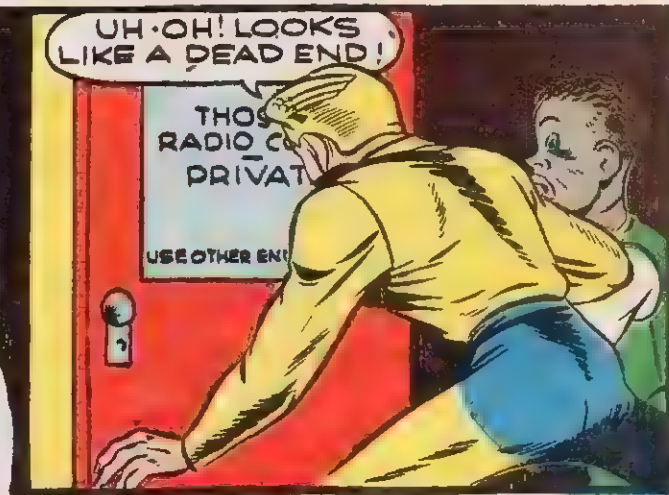
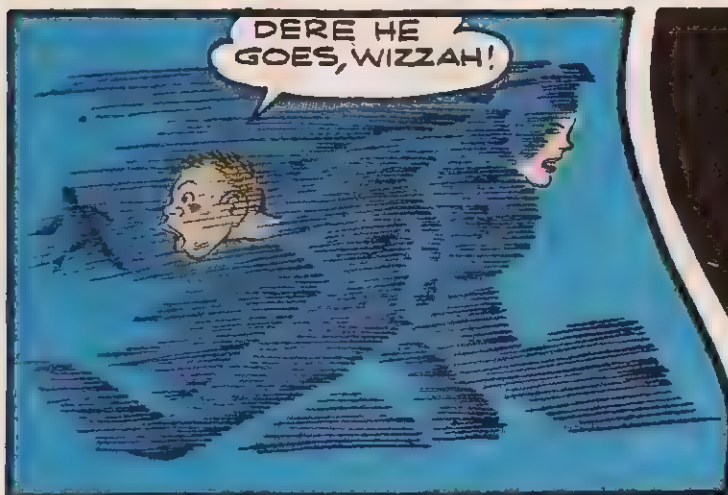
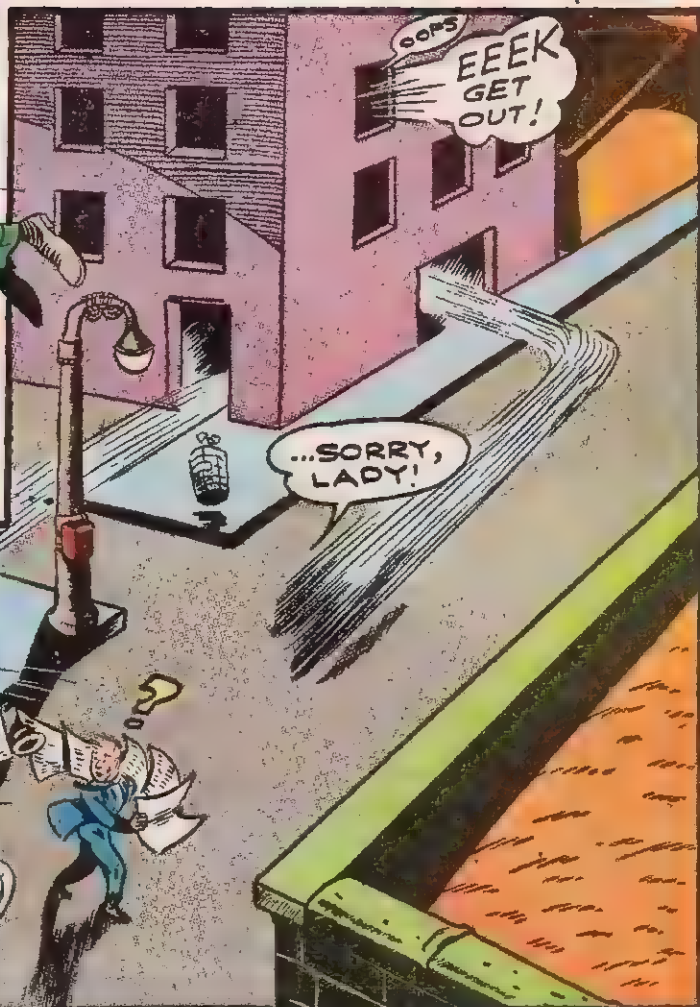
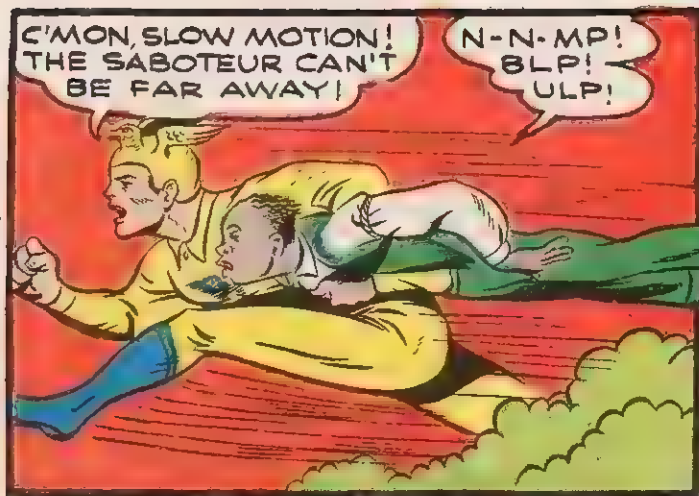




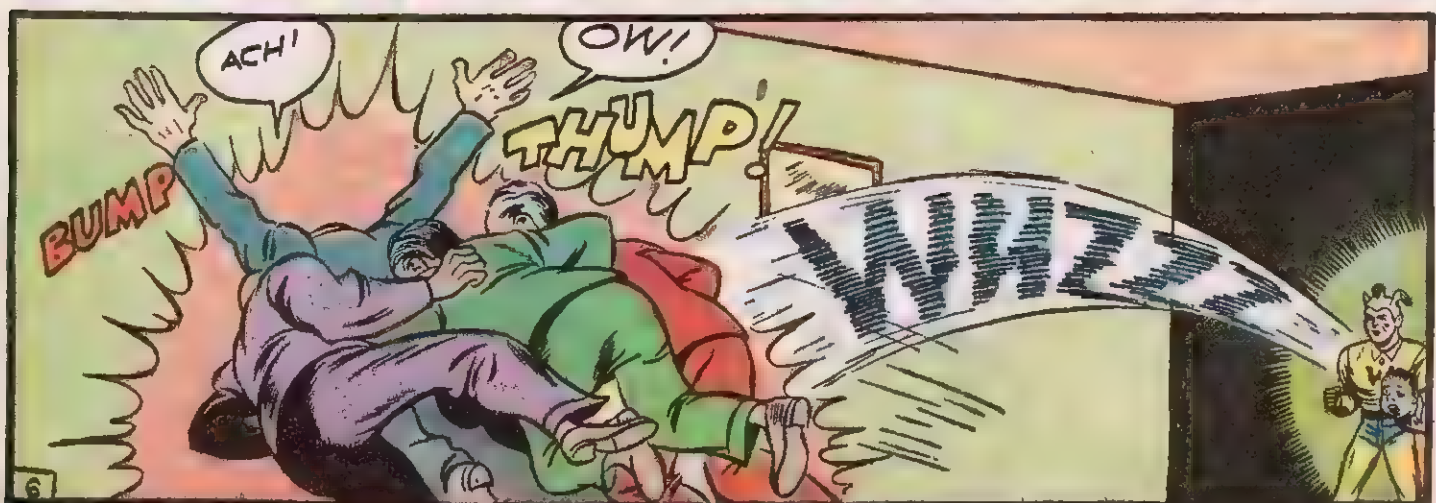
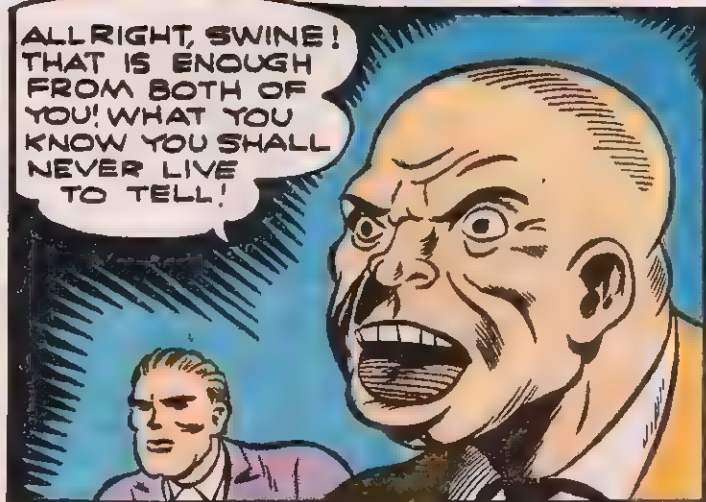
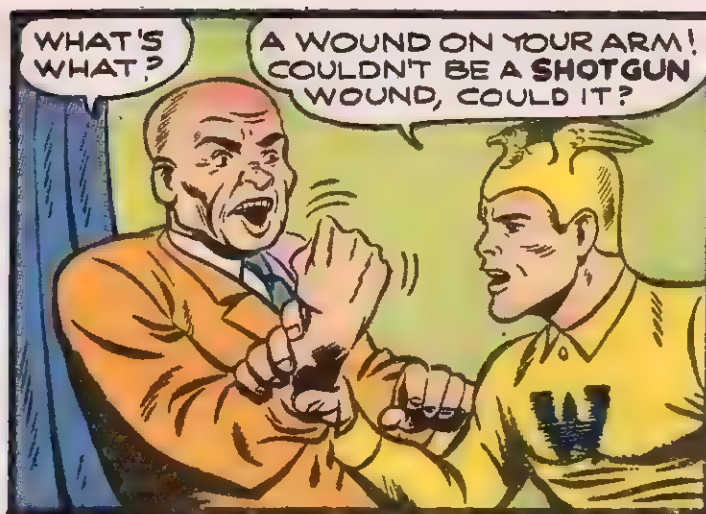








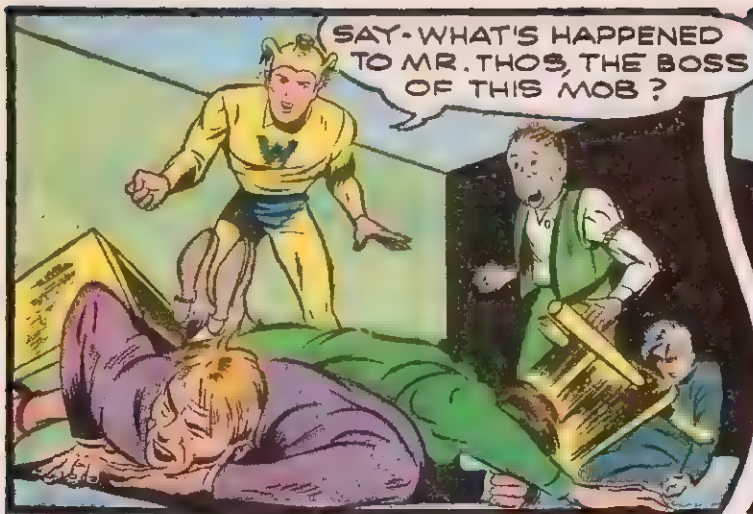








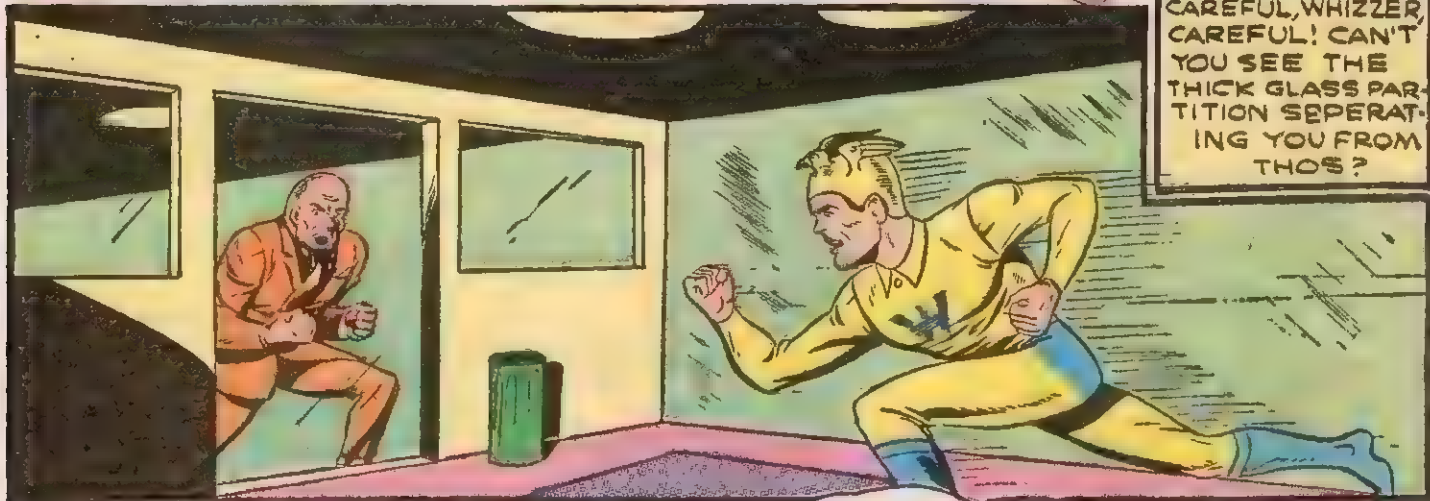




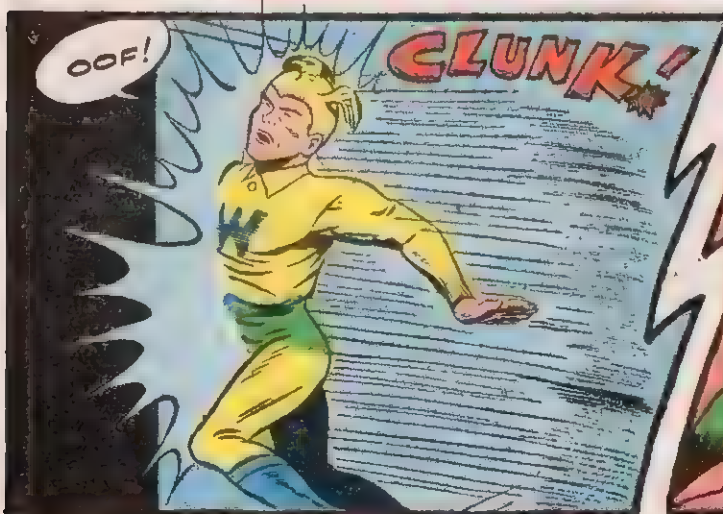
SAY - WHAT'S HAPPENED  
TO MR. THOS, THE BOSS  
OF THIS MOB?



HERE I AM! COME AND GET ME,  
WHIZZER!



CAREFUL, WHIZZER,  
CAREFUL! CAN'T  
YOU SEE THE  
THICK GLASS PAR-  
TITION SEPERAT-  
ING YOU FROM  
THOS?

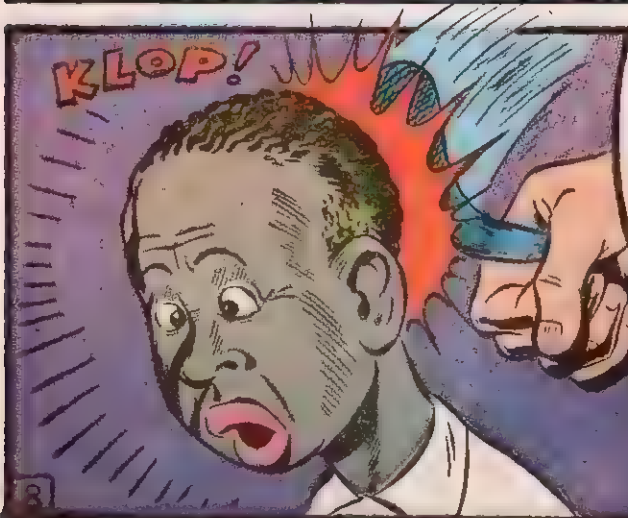


OOF!

**CLUNK!**



WIZZAH! WHUT  
HAPPENED!

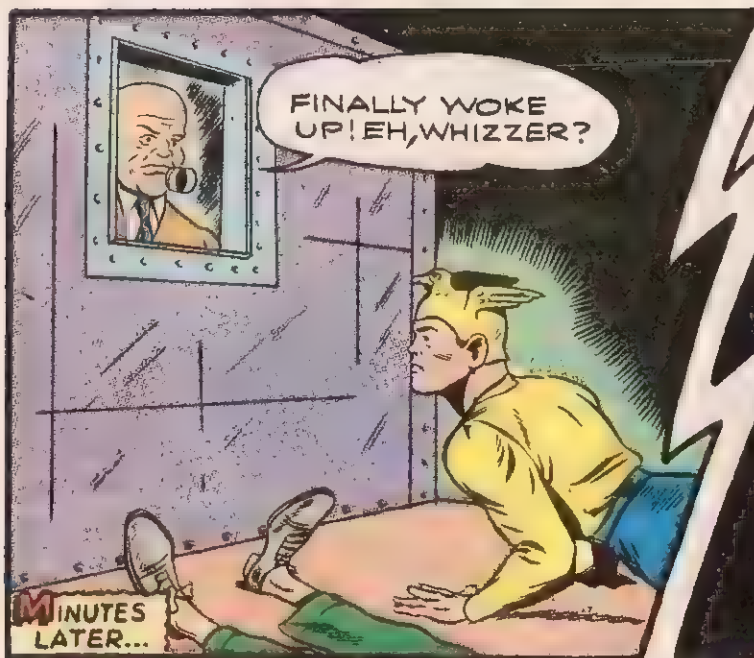


**KLOP!**



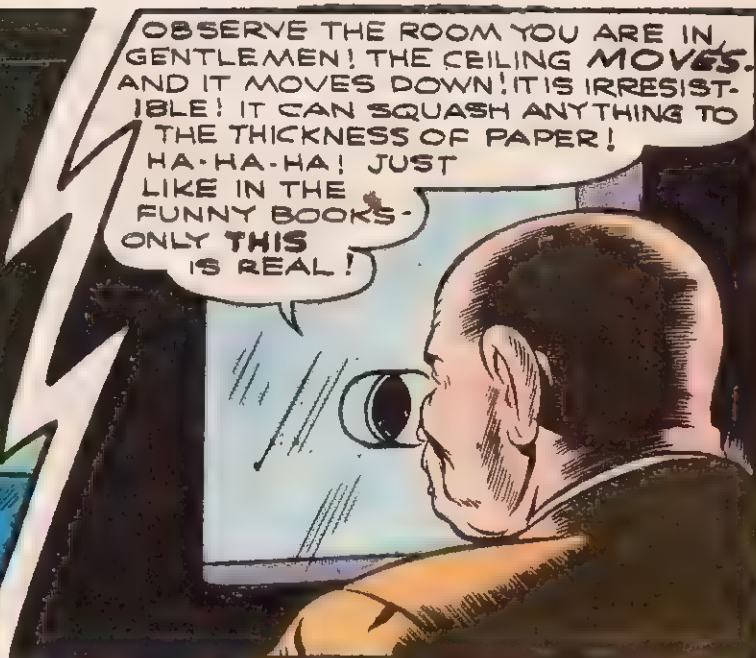
SO! THE GREAT  
WHIZZER, CLIMAXES  
HIS CAREER BY  
KNOCKING HIM-  
SELF OUT!  
TAKE THEM TO  
MY ERADICATOR  
CHAMBER!



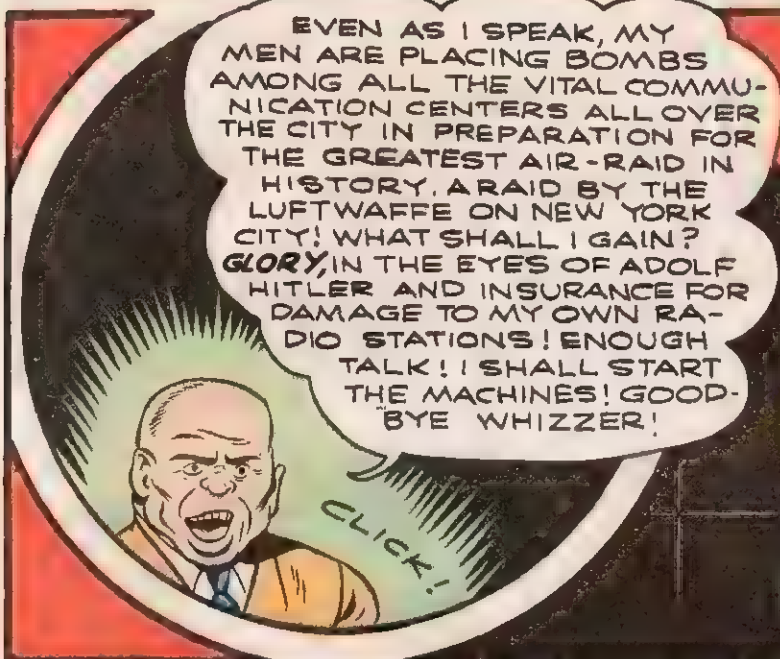


FINALLY WOKE UP! EH, WHIZZER?

MINUTES  
LATER...

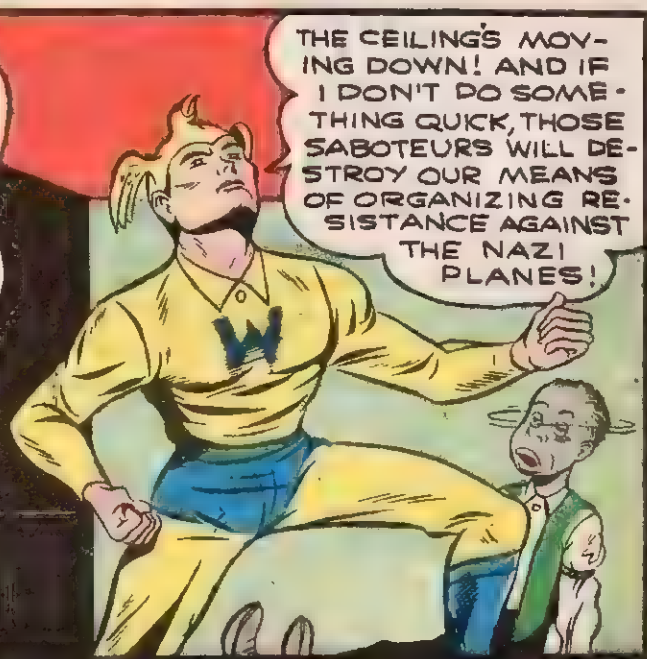


OBSERVE THE ROOM YOU ARE IN, GENTLEMEN! THE CEILING **MOVES**. AND IT MOVES DOWN! IT IS IRRESISTIBLE! IT CAN SQUASH ANYTHING TO THE THICKNESS OF PAPER! HA-HA-HA! JUST LIKE IN THE FUNNY BOOKS - ONLY **THIS** IS REAL!



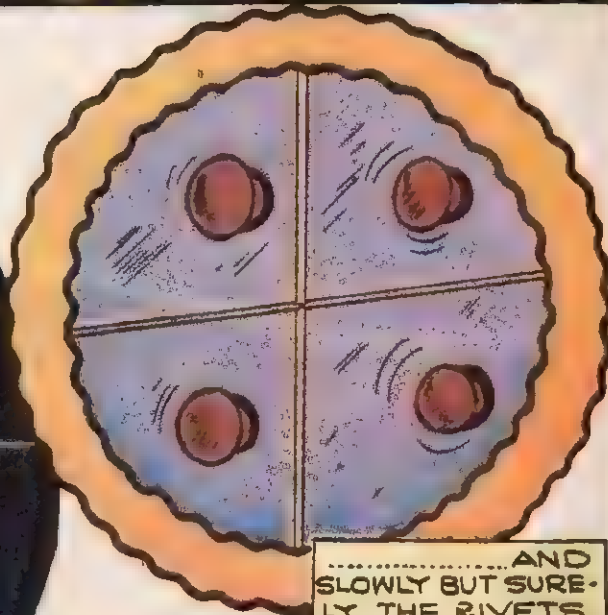
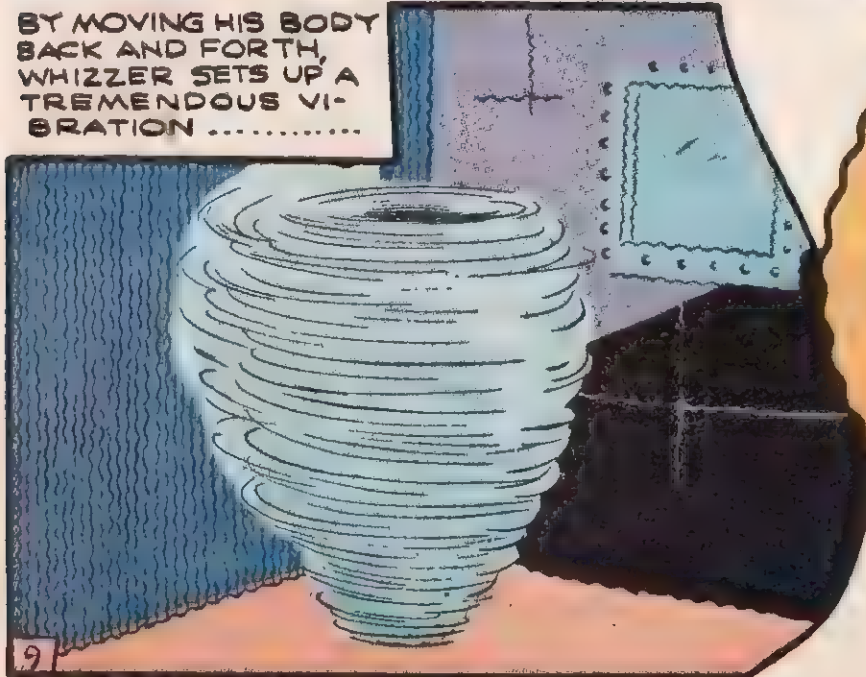
EVEN AS I SPEAK, MY MEN ARE PLACING BOMBS AMONG ALL THE VITAL COMMUNICATION CENTERS ALL OVER THE CITY IN PREPARATION FOR THE GREATEST AIR-RAID IN HISTORY. A RAID BY THE LUFTWAFFE ON NEW YORK CITY! WHAT SHALL I GAIN? **GLORY**, IN THE EYES OF ADOLF HITLER AND INSURANCE FOR DAMAGE TO MY OWN RADIO STATIONS! ENOUGH TALK! I SHALL START THE MACHINES! GOOD-BYE WHIZZER!

CLICK!



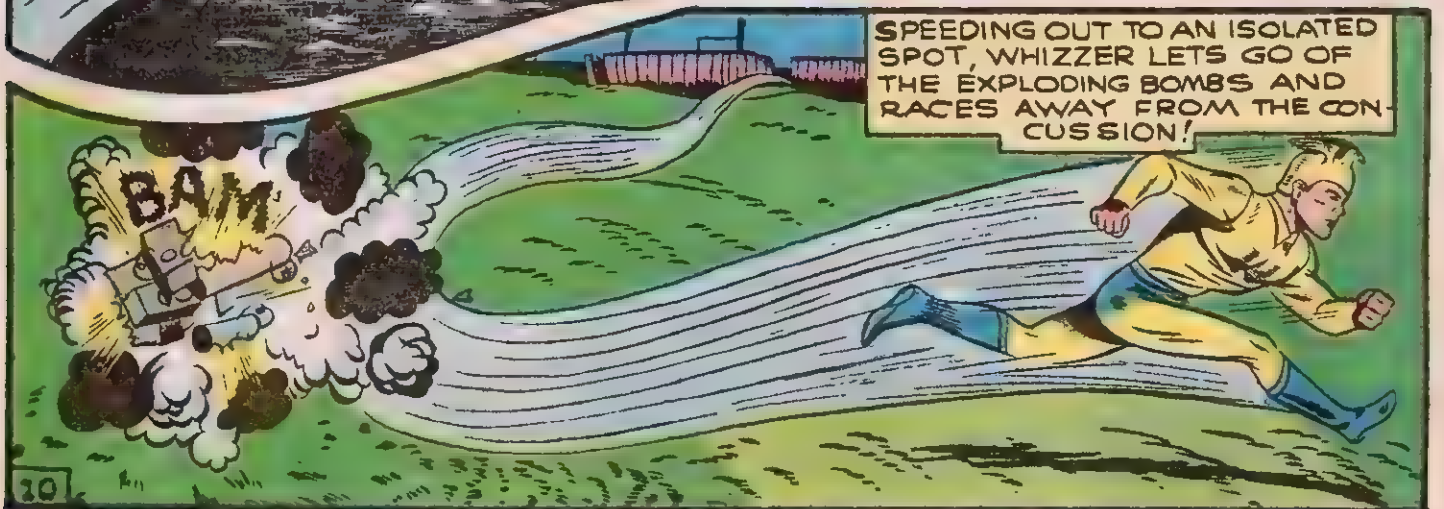
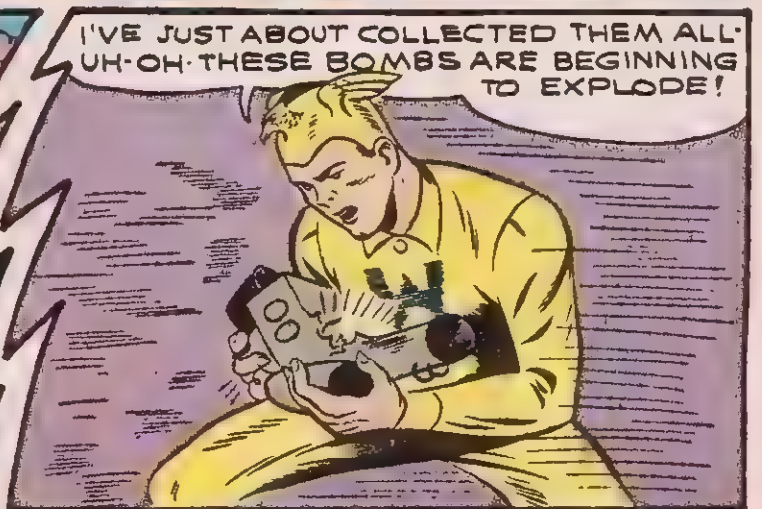
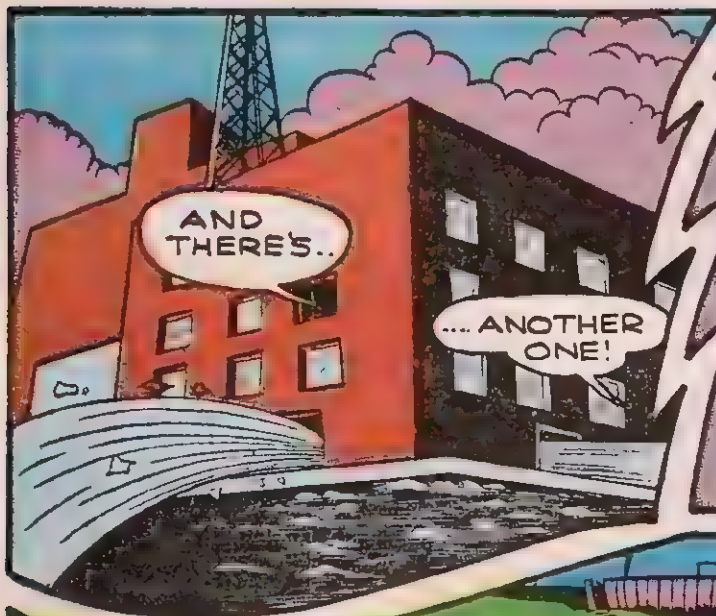
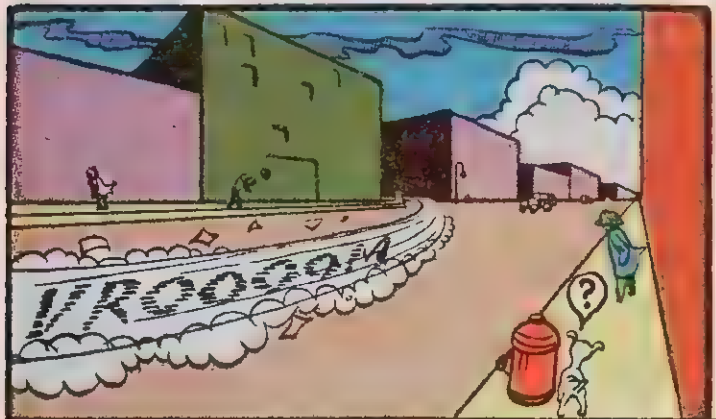
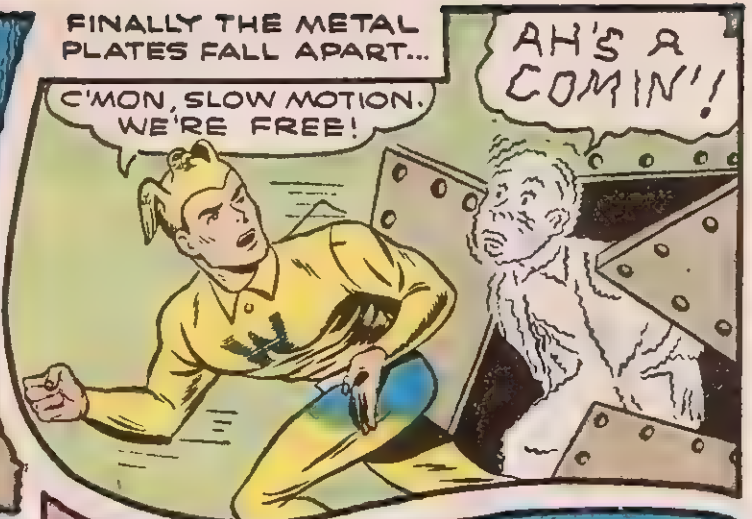
THE CEILING'S MOVING DOWN! AND IF I DON'T DO SOMETHING QUICK, THOSE SABOTEURS WILL DESTROY OUR MEANS OF ORGANIZING RESISTANCE AGAINST THE NAZI PLANES!

BY MOVING HIS BODY BACK AND FORTH, WHIZZER SETS UP A TREMENDOUS VIBRATION .....

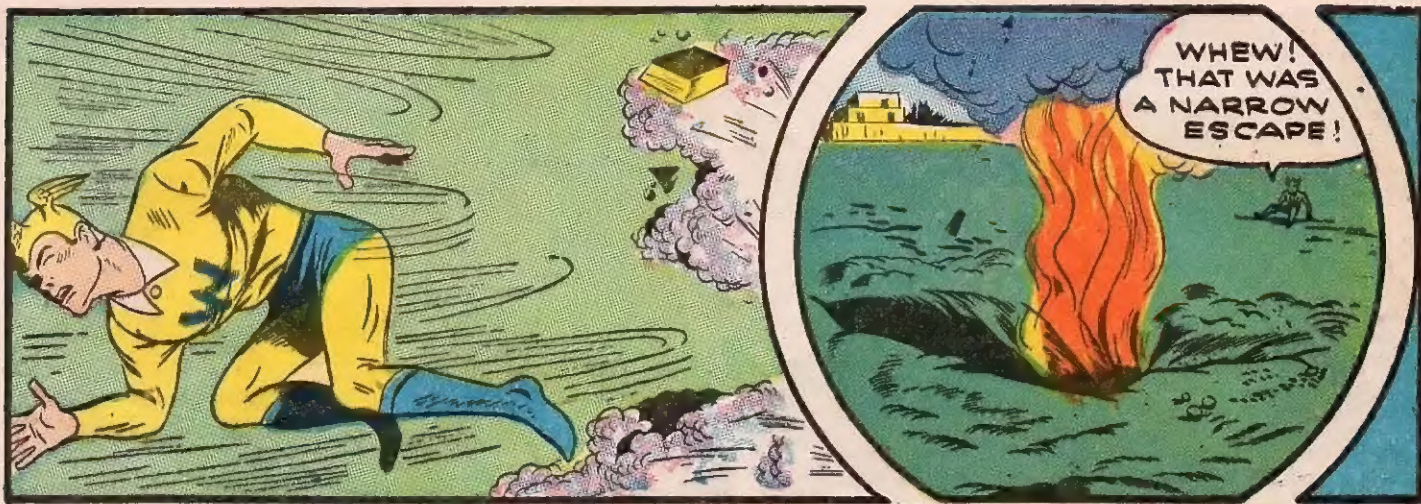


.....AND SLOWLY BUT SURELY, THE RIVETS START LOOSENING IN THEIR COLLARS!







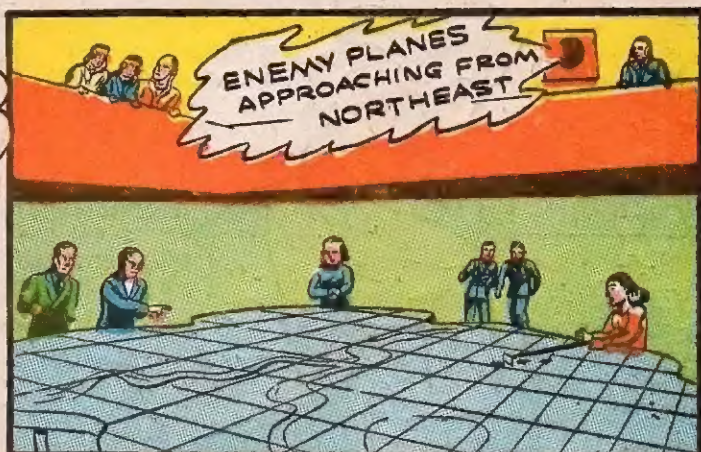


WHEW!  
THAT WAS  
A NARROW  
ESCAPE!

MEANWHILE - OFF THE COAST  
OF LONG ISLAND .....

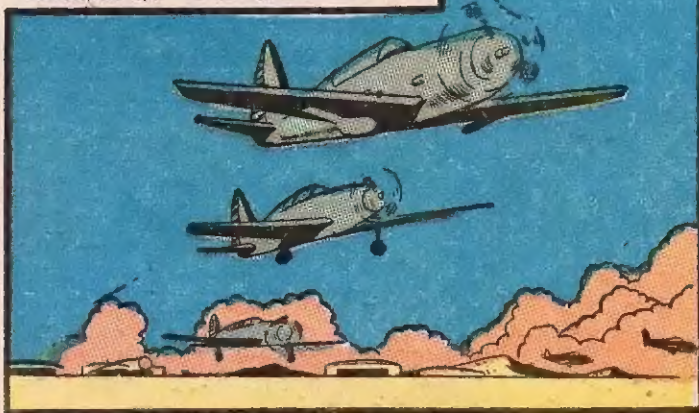


ENEMY PLANES APPROACH-  
ING! QUICK, PHONE  
COMMUNICATION HEAD-  
QUARTERS!

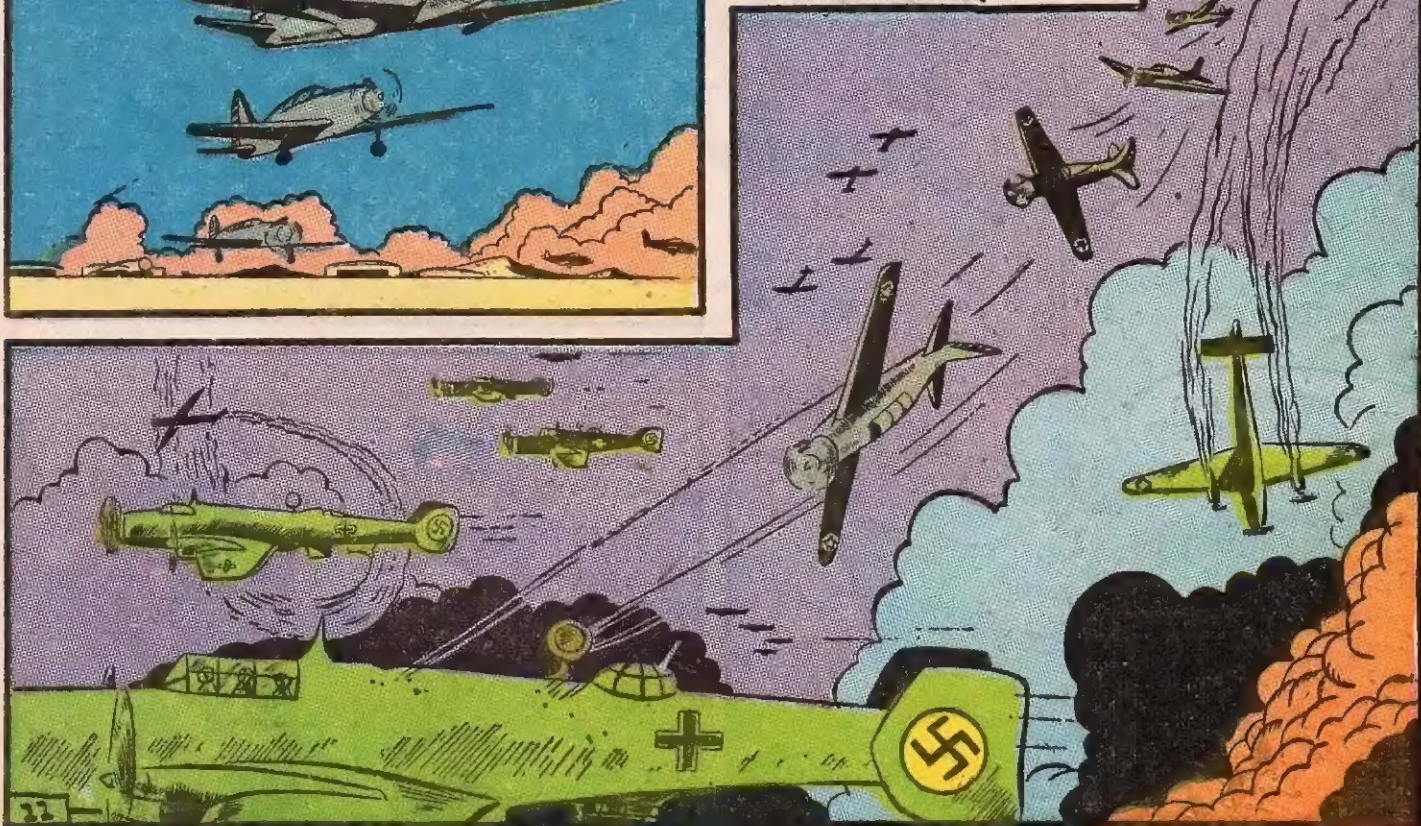


ENEMY PLANES  
APPROACHING FROM  
NORTHEAST

AMERICAN PURSUITS TAKE  
OFF TO INTERCEPT THE  
GERMAN JUNKERS!



THE GERMAN ATTACKING  
FORCE IS QUICKLY  
DISPERSED!



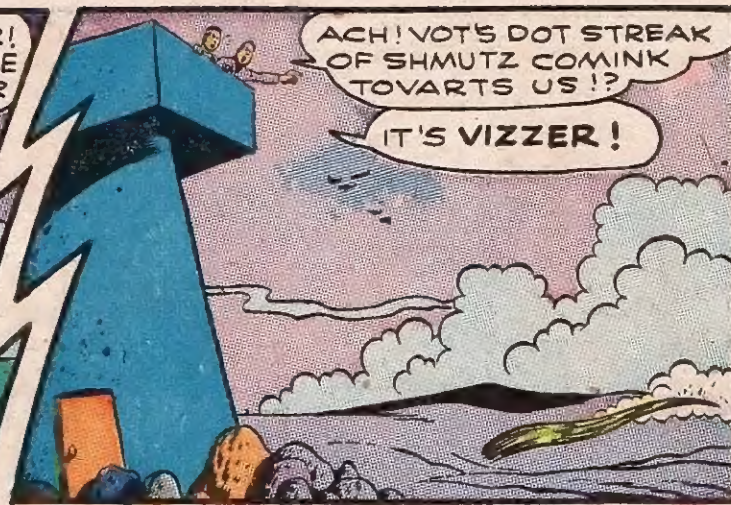




BACK IN NEW YORK..

VERDAMMT WHIZZER!  
SOMETHING HAS GONE  
WRONG WITH OUR  
PLANS!

VAS IST LOS?



ACH! VOT'S DOT STREAK  
OF SHMUTZ COMINK  
TOVARTS US!?

IT'S VIZZER!



FELLOW NAZIS!  
IT IS BETTER FOR  
US TO DIE THEN  
TO LIVE IN SHAME  
IN THE EYES  
OF THE NEW  
ORDER. FOLLOW  
ME, OVER  
THE EDGE  
TO GLO-  
RIOUS DEATH!  
HEIL HITLER!



HEIL--

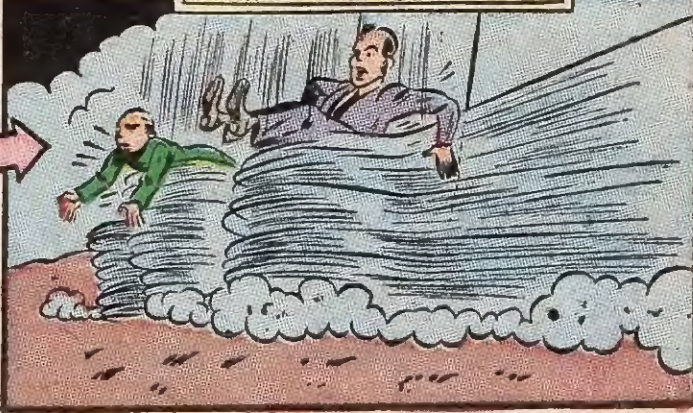
WHAT'S..



...HITLER!

...THE RUSH  
FELLOWS?

FASTER THEN THE EYE CAN FOLLOW, WHIZ-  
ZER CATCHES THE NAZIS BEFORE THEY  
STRIKE THE GROUND!



LATER

WHEW! I'M A  
LITTLE TIRED!  
I THINK I'LL  
RELAX!

HE SWIMS TWICET OVAH DE  
OCEAN, RUNS TWICET AROUND  
DE CITY AN' BEATS UP A  
GANG OF NAZIS AN' DEN  
SAYS HE'S A  
LITTLE TIRED!  
OWAH!

FURTHER ADVENTURES  
OF WHIZZER IN  
NEXT MONTH ISSUE ...



# Tops! *in*

**THRILLS!  
MYSTERY!  
ACTION!  
COMEDY!  
PATRIOTISM!**



**HEY,  
KIDS!**

**EVERY**

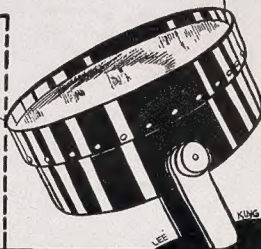
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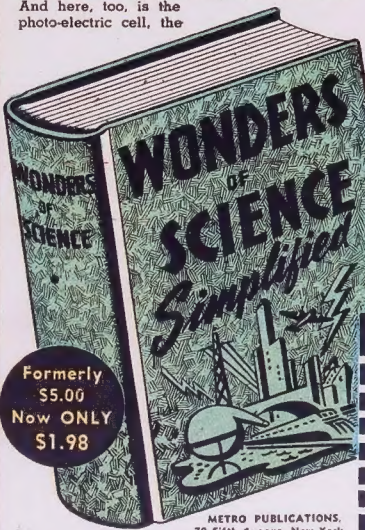
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